Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 138.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 25, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bourne and Shepherd*

THE LATE LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON

No. 138.—Vol. XI.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, July 25, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	155
Bystander Comments	157
The Topictator	159
Racing Notions. By "Carbine" ...	160
Round the Town	161
Wellington Scion Shoots at Bis'ey ...	163
Racing Peer's Hint to Newmarket ...	164
The Abbey and the Vandal-Guard ...	166
Golfing with Bow and Arrow	168
Horticulture at Holland House	170
Paris Week by Week	171
The "Rapprochement" with Servia ...	174
The Playhouses...	175
A New Seaside Resort: Sheringham, Norfolk	177
The Connoisseur	182
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 33.—"The Baiting of Stephanie." By Basil Macdonald Hastings ...	183
Her Nerves in Order	189
Polo and the Plutocrat. By L. V. L. Simmonds	190
The Library	192
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	194
Games and Pastimes. Edited by H. S. Scrivener	195
Automobile Topics. Edited by Douglas Miller	198
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	202
A Woman's Note Book	XII

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. COPPELIA.
Romantic Ballet by Leo Delibes.
Mlle. Adeline Genée, Première Danseuse.
Venus 1906. And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Continental Handbook for Automobilists: Great Britain and Ireland." (Continental Tyre and Rubber Company.)

"The Peril in Natal." By "Gebuza." (Fisher Unwin: 3*d.* net.)

"Out of Darkness, Light." By Richard Glynn Vivian. (The De La More Press: 5*s.* net.)

"The Small House." By Arthur Martin. (Alston Rivers: 2*s.* net.)

"Women's Work and Wages." By Edward Cadbury, Mrs. Cecile Matheson, and George Shann. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Year Book of Photography, 1906-7." (*The Photographic News*: 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth.)

"Our Birthright." By "Optimist." (Constable: 1*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Ha'penny Millionaire." By George Sunbury. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Unguarded Taper." By Helen Prothero Lewis. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Mr. and Mrs. Villiers." By Hubert Wales. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"An Actress's Pilgrimage." By Ina Rogant. (Sealey Clark: 1*s.* net.)

"Sealed Lips." By Marie Connor Leighton. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Meshes of Mischance." By Gilbert Wintle. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded

VOL. X. NOW READY.

A SPLENDID GIFT

To Friends and Relations at Home or Abroad. . .

The New Volume of THE BYSTANDER, bound in green and stamped cloth, with gold letterings,

Price 10/6

Vol. X. (April to June, 1906) contains over 1,000 Pages, and nearly 2,000 Pictures. The most complete illustrated record of the World's doings to be found in any publication.

Postal Rate for British Isles, 1s. extra.

Those who bind their issues in volume should write for the

TITLE PAGE AND INDEX

enclosing Penny Stamp, to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER. Handsome Binding Cases can also be had

Price 1s. 6d., or by post 1s. 9d., each.

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
July 25, 1906

With the dissolution of the Duma, the dismissal of the Ministry, and the proclamation of martial law, and a few strikes, the St. Petersburg season is now in full swing. The Tsar is stopping in town over the revolution, which is expected to be quite the largest one of the season.

* * *

The aged have been known to reverse their little deceptions in the matter of age by putting on, instead of taking off, a few years. Not so a lady inmate of the Bellinzona Workhouse, Switzerland. Aged 106, she has been passing herself off as a young thing of 102.

* * *

The *Tribune* has a series of articles on the "bitter cry of the middle classes," and already our clerks are beginning to give themselves the airs of working men.

* * *

By presenting thirty-five of the Labour Members with a new hat apiece, Mr. William Johnson has inaugurated a very pretty custom, which seems likely to become popular in political circles. Already, we understand, Mr. Chamberlain is formulating a plan for offering new links to the Empire, while Dr. Clifford hopes very shortly to give "Joey" socks.

Overheard recently in Whitehall

THE URCHIN: "Wot 'o! tinned beef!"

* * *

"Whatever the defects of the new method of locomotion may be," says a contemporary, in an article headed "The Motor-'bus and Suburbia," "no one will deny that it is destined to relieve London's more congested districts of their surplus population." At any rate, it is doing its best.

* * *

After Mr. Upton Sinclair—Mr. Frank Richardson. The re-incarnated quail of our novelist is a genteel and essentially well-bred English effort in the way of a food scare.

* * *

Mrs. Aubrey le Blond, an authority, says that a feminine Alpine climber must have a cool head, sound health, and a good temper. The value of the last attribute is self-evident. The consequences might be fatal of being upset by mistaking in a fog a chunk of space for a piece of glacier.

* * *

At last Paris is to have an English pantomime. The directors of the Porte St. Martin are in London making arrangements for the production at their theatre of last year's *Cinderella*. We understand that several strong French librettists have gone into training for their great task of Gallicising the English pantomime joke.

* * *

H.W.M., in the *Daily News*, is wrath about the Dreadnoughts. "The forces of peace in the Cabinet," he writes, "have been beaten by men who do not seem to know the elements of the Party to which they belong." The miserable wretches can only grasp the elements of Empire.

* * *

"HOTTEST DAY IN THE YEAR" was a headline in the papers for two successive days last week. The thermometer rose from 78 to 82. But Americans who have summered in New York are asking whether we don't have any heat-waves on this side.

* * *

"During the last few weeks," writes T. P. in *P.T.O.* this week, "when I have been trying to get through the Music Copyright Bill, I have encountered obstacles at every step, some of them from those I supposed to be friends, some from members of the same political Party as myself." The distinction between his "friends" and members of his own political Party is a little scathing, perhaps.

* * *

Our condolences to Russia on the death of the distinguished Scot, General Ivan Georgievitch Macdonald, who served so long in her Army. Would they like to take over a few more Scotsmen to compensate? How about Mr. Keir-Hardieff for the Duma? Or Messrs. Ian Maclarensk or S. R. Crockettoff for a novel or two? They can have anything in reason if they'll just leave us, say J. M. Barrievitch and Harry Lauderinski.

* * *

Hint to Londoners.—When travelling by 'bus and unable to get a seat, follow the example of the political candidates, and ask the whip to find one for you.

* * *

A cow has died at King's Sutton through swallowing a cricket ball. We are sorry to see such a lamentable end to a smart bit of ground-fielding.

Hymen at Hanover Square

(*The Débutante at a Fashionable Wedding*)

And when it's all over she won't be any happier, only Mrs. Colquhoun-Swink instead of Daisy Dripping. She got eighteen presents by one post, her mother tells me, seventeen of 'em salt-cellars. Not much of a capture, was it? I wonder what the other parcel contained. Don't smile, Mr. FitzFulham. It's really rather tragic. Just as if married couples lived on eggs all their lives. What did you give her? Fire-irons? How spiteful!

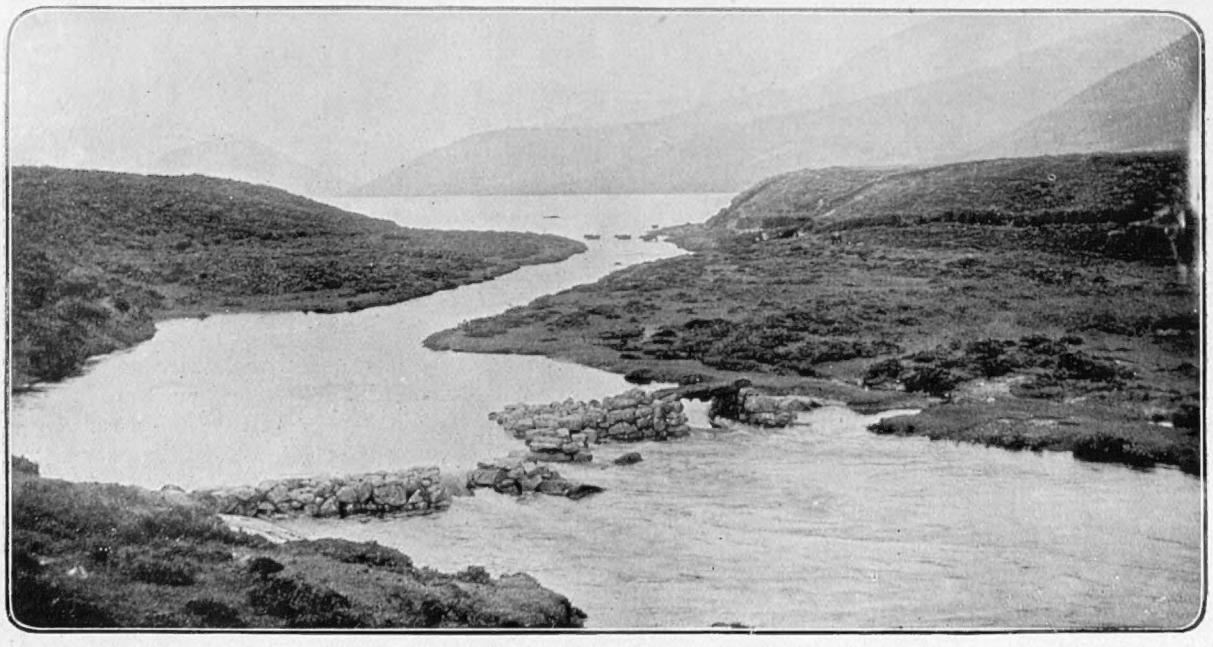
What a foggy lot of priestesses she's got for bridesmaids. Yes, I was asked, but I couldn't bear the reproach of accepting a diamond dog-collar from a man who made his money in stick-phast. When Madge Scramble thanked him for hers, he giggled, and said there was no denying that it was *un petit morceau de tout droit*. He had to buy off a *blanchisseuse* last September with some thousands, so I suppose he picked the language up from her. They put her picture in four weeklies, and Swinky had to double the marriage settlements. Who's the girl with the flame-coloured face, and the wall-paper frock? Really? How did they drag her here? She's quite the upper five, you know. They're all dowdy.

That's a nice little boy they've got for best man. He's rather squeezed old Swinky, they say, but the magnate—or is it the magnum?—says his epigrams on high finance are like a soft boot on a gouty leg, which says much for the child's tact. But Bobby must find the man a dreadful trial at times. Swink offered Papa a cigar once. "What are they?" asks Papa. "Elevenpence halfpenny," says Swinky, proud as a peacock.

I don't mind admitting she's wearing a darling of a frock. But satin isn't the sort of material for Daisy's legs. She's a terrible flyer, you know. Wait till she gets a serge skirt on, and Levi—I suppose she calls him Lewis—will want a steam-car to catch her. It's a deliciously absurd match. Why, there are three or four boys in the church now who would go on the honeymoon with her if it wasn't for Goodwood and the grouse. Malcolm Fraser is one. They fell in the river together, and he wrung out her stockings in the train on the way home. And everyone knows that Captain Patchett is another impediment, and wouldn't have minded saying so either, if it wasn't so vulgar to scream out about sin in church.

Well, have they got to "lost in amazement" yet? You seem so fascinated, that I am beginning to think, Mr. FitzFulham, that you are another impediment. Nudge Mrs. Skynner-Smythe for me, please. She's taken Crailsham, where that Bacchanalian picture gallery is. H'd'y'do? What a bewitching gown! Isn't it a ghastly gathering? They say he's given his annual beanfeast to the employées to-day, and they all came here in char-a-bancs. Don't know a soul. Going to Homburg, of course. Taken Crailsham? What a sweet surprise! And may I? Oh, my dear, how——Here they come! Please take your elbows out of my chest, sir. And who's head is under my right arm? She looks as if she was sick of married life already, and he is wondering if he dare mop his forehead in the dark part of the porch. Poor dear! Look at all the men screwing their moustaches, and the girls pretending they're thinking of sacred obligations. I never felt so much anguish in my life. Here's all Israel at the end of the procession, weeping. Well, I suppose there will be a rise in "Swink Ordinaries," and I hope they'll give smart parties.

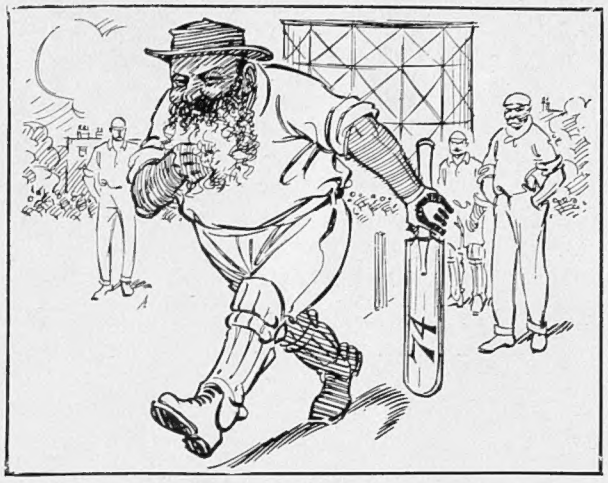
B. M. H.



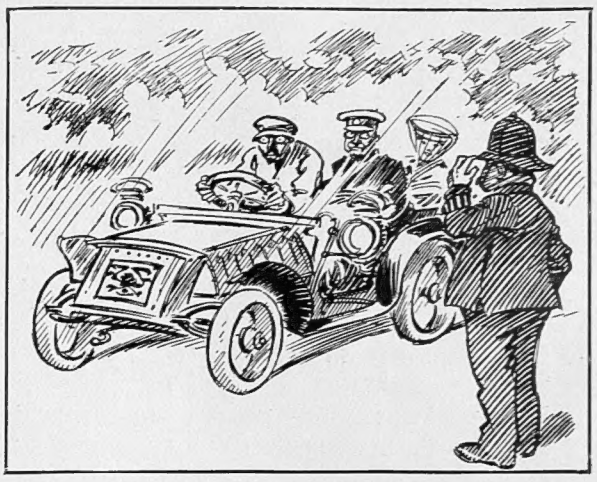
Photo] **In the "Land of Lakes"** [*Shrubsole*

A scene on Lough Corrib, Co. Galway, which is an ideal resort for salmon fishing. Ireland is slowly but surely increasing its popularity with anglers and sportsmen generally, and improved railway communication has done much to bring hitherto wild and unapproachable mountain and lough districts within reach of tourists

The Topictator



His Fifty-Eighth Birthday: And How He Celebrated It



Let's Be Ambassadors

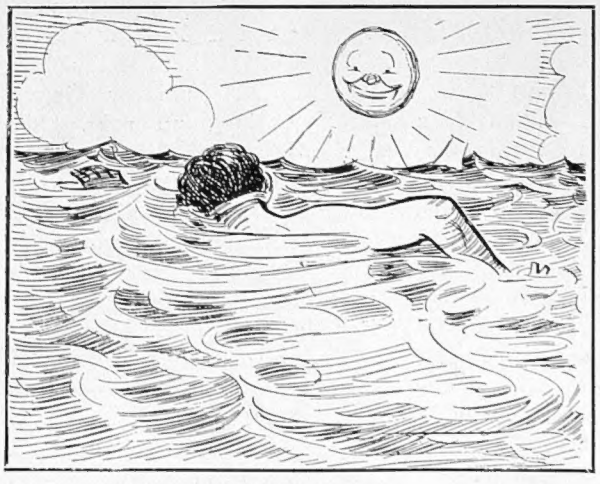
The case against the American Ambassador, of driving a motor-car at excess speed, has been dismissed on the ground that foreign Ambassadors and their domestics are free from arrest and legal process

"We are Unprepared for War!"

(Lord Roberts in the House of Lords and everywhere else)

"I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear"

—Humpty Dumpty



The Channel Swim

(Wolfe chose the hottest day of the year for his attempt)

OLD SOL: "Hullo! here's a chap who's scored off me"

The Land-Grabbers—And Their First Cabbage

RACING NOTIONS: By "CARBINE"

THE SANDOWN PARK MEETING

Success of the Gathering

That the horses at the Eclipse meeting were not up to the best standard is indisputable. The small handicaps and selling races were utterly mediocre. But such is the popularity of this Sandown Park fixture that the crowd was as big and as brilliant as in any year save the *annus mirabilis* when Ard Patrick beat Sceptre and Rock Sand. The King and the Prince of Wales, who had been present on each of the three days of Newmarket earlier in the week, came to give the meeting its usual importance from the social standpoint. Gazing on the immense throng in the paddock as the runners for the Eclipse were being walked around, one found it difficult to realise that the meeting was in the throes of its keen struggle with the Racehorse Owners' Association. Nearly all the members of that institution withheld their horses, but yielded to the temptation of supporting the gathering by their presence. That the fixture proved so successful, in the face of the antagonism of the Owners' Association, is, I think, a very distinct score for Sandown Park.

The winner of the Eclipse Stakes (£10,000)
Mr. L. Neumann's Llangibby coming into scale

A Mediocre Eclipse Stakes

Those who are in the inner circles of the racing world will not need to be reminded of the unpleasant incident which followed the failure of Llangibby in the Eclipse Stakes of 1905. A serious charge was made, and led to an important change in the arrangements of the Clarehaven stable. On Friday Mr. Gilpin had the satisfaction of winning the race with the same horse. At first glance, the Eclipse Stakes had seemed to rest between Llangibby and Lally, but the latter travelled very ominously in the market, and, after opening at "threes," went clean out in the betting. Whether the colt failed to satisfy Mr. Purefoy in his home gallops is not, of course, generally known. Maher rode the favourite with good judgment. He kept Llangibby well in the background until they entered the straight, and then allowed him to romp away and win very easily from Beppo, who in his turn was a long way in front of Wombwell. There was no race at the finish. It was merely a procession. Altogether, a mediocre Eclipse Stakes.

Traquair's Sensational Win

It was different on Saturday, when we had an extraordinary race, and a splendid finish for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the richest two-year-old event of the season. Traquair went out at the last because he behaved atrociously at the start, and I fear this objection to getting off his mark will do him a lot of harm. When at last the barrier did go up, Traquair was left several lengths, and seemed so hopelessly out of it that a leading bookmaker shouted his readiness to lay "three hundred to one the favourite!" But Traquair was not beaten yet. Gradually he improved his position. Running in the centre of the course, he caught and passed his opponents one by one. When they came level with the stands, he had got in front, and looked like winning with comfort. But the hill at the finish, the heavy weight he carried, and the tremendous effort he had made, all began to tell upon him. To the horror of backers, an outsider called All Black was actually catching him rapidly in the last dozen strides; but Traquair just resisted him, and won a memorable race by a head. It was an impressive performance, and the colt looks like crediting yet another Derby to Lord Rosebery.

Selections for Liverpool and Newbury

The fixture-list this week is crowded, and it is surely a very bad arrangement which allows the Liverpool Cup and the Newbury Summer Cup to clash on Friday. There is a poor acceptance for the Liverpool race, but, even with a small field, the event will be interesting. **Best Light**, who failed us at Alexandra Park, may make amends by winning this time, the best of the others I like Dinneford. The Oaks winner, Keystone II., has more than one engagement at Liverpool, but it is doubtful whether we shall see her at the meeting, as Lord Derby wants to win the St. Leger with her, and Mr. George Lambton is accordingly taking no risks. On Wednesday my selections are **Weathercock** for the Mersey Stakes, **Sweet Mary** for the Molyneux Plate. Troutbeck may not run for the St. George Stakes, in which case **Radium** should win. The Produce Stakes on the following day may go to the **Marsh Marigold colt**. The much-discussed **Black Arrow** is engaged for the Knowsley Dinner Stakes and the Atlantic Stakes, and should be returned a winner. For the Newbury Cup I select **Plum Centre**, with Marliacea for a place investment, and **Gold Riach** may take the Ormonde Stakes. **Foresight**, who showed such good speed at Ascot, is my choice for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood.

ROUND THE TOWN

The Chamberlain Wedding

On Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to Miss Ivy Dundas, crowds of loyal Chamberlainites (and anti-Chamberlainites) filled Parliament Square, and overflowed into Broad Sanctuary and St. Margaret's. Their disappointment, however, when it became known that the object of their devotion (and detestation), Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself, was not well enough to be present, was quite pitiful to behold. Of course, the tall, graceful bride, in a Worth wedding-gown of deliriously deceptive simplicity, looked charming; certainly, neither bride nor bridegroom appeared in the slightest degree nervous, and altogether the wedding and the subsequent reception at Queen Anne Mansions went off without a hitch of any kind. Mrs. Chamberlain, Senr., looked younger than ever in iris-painted pink gauze, and amongst the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer's political opponents were Mr. John Morley and Mr. Asquith.

Photo *Bowden*

The winner of the King's Prize

Captain R. Ff. Davies, of the 1st Middlesex V.R.C., who beat all records by scoring 324. He is a Londoner and a stockbroker, and made his début at Bisley in the Marlborough College team, shooting for the Ashburton Shield in 1895. It is the third time that a 1st Middlesex Volunteer has carried off this prize

* * *

The Late Lady Curzon

Sympathy of the most heartfelt description has reached the ex-Viceroy of India from literally every corner of the globe in the terrible loss he has sustained through the death of his beautiful and highly accomplished wife. In India, Lady Curzon's beauty, tact, and high intellectual gifts, and the help she gave her husband as Viceroy, won the admiration and respect even of those who resented the presence of a *nouveau riche*

Photo] **The Chamberlain Wedding: The bride leaving her carriage** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The most interesting political wedding for many years was that of the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., and Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Saturday, which was attended by politicians of all shades, and Society generally, though not, unfortunately, by the Right Hon. Joseph himself, owing to gout over which he had no control

The Young Master of Hawarden

in the place of queens, and she managed to discharge the extremely difficult and delicate duties devolving upon her as the wife of the Viceroy with a skill and an air that only an American could hope to emulate.

Lady Curzon shared with her husband his deep and abiding interest in all things Indian, and especially in his wish to revive and practise in the Viceregal Court all the possible magnificence of Viceregal royalty. She brought, indeed, all her native enthusiasm to bear on her Indian career; her charities were unbounded, her sympathies practical, and her death—just as, for the first time for some years, the ex-Viceroy is able to enjoy a period of complete immunity from great responsibilities — is of such a sadness that public condolence seems almost an impertinence.

Hawarden Castle

The seat of the Gladstone family, famous as the residence of the great Statesman, which now passes formally into the possession of his grandson, Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, on his coming of age

* * *

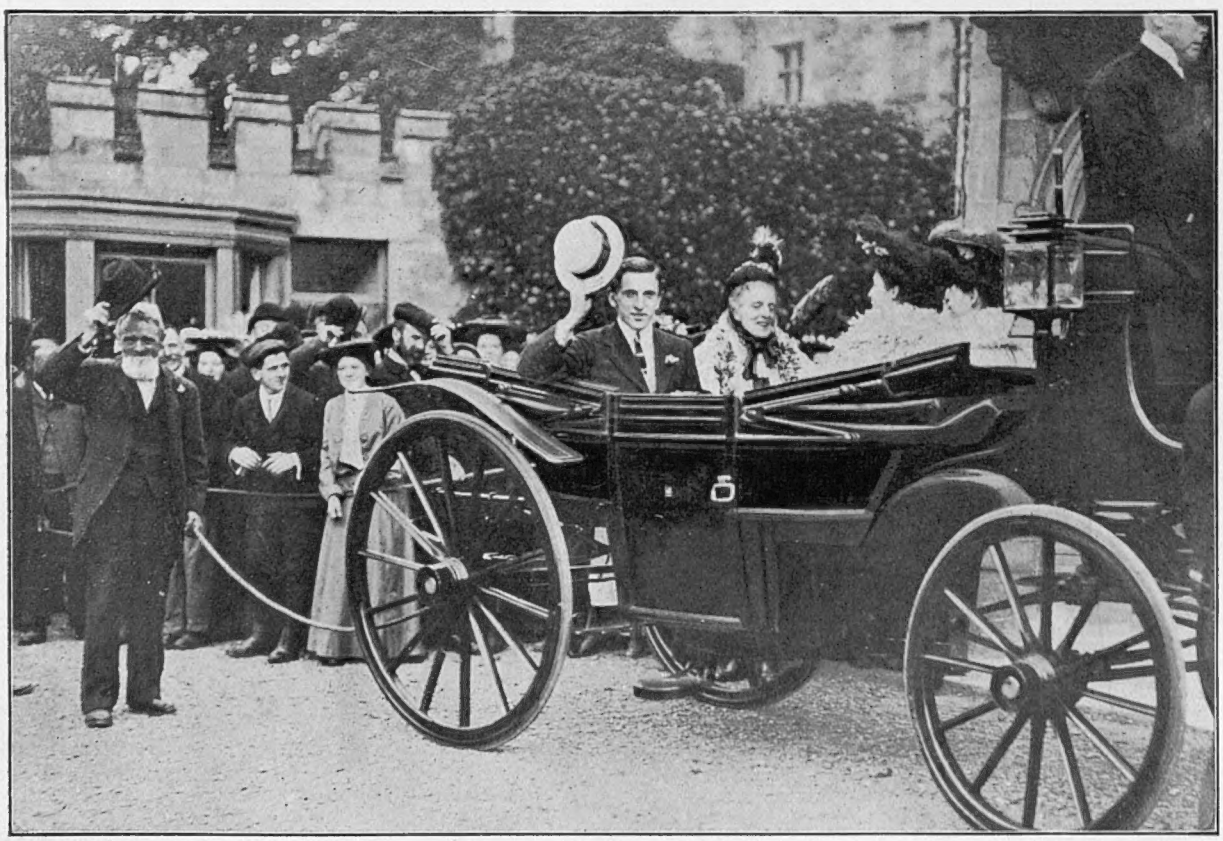
Hawarden's Untitled Heir

Perhaps the greatest testimony to the greatness of the G.O.M. lies in the fact that his direct descendant in the male line inherits the family estates as plain "Mr." William G. C. Gladstone, and not as the Earl (or Marquis) of Hawarden. Had Gladstone been a less great holder of the Crown's greatest position, assuredly he would have accepted some title at the hands of the Crown, for his wealth was such that his descendants would have been well able to maintain its dignity. But not so. Plain "Mr." Gladstone himself, plain "Mr." Gladstone his young grandson, who, amid scenes of loyalty and enthusiasm, is celebrating his majority this week at the fine old Castle so vivid with recollections of its truly noble tenant. Mr. Gladstone himself is now at Oxford. He takes a keen interest in agriculture, and has expressed his earnest desire to promote the welfare of his tenantry, which is nice and proper of him.

* * *

Bisley

Bisley, as my familiar phrasemaker hath it, bizzled on throughout the week, which, being interpreted, means that it followed its somewhat dull progress undistinguished by any specially sensational events.



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Coming of Age of Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone

The grandson of the G.O.M., the eldest son of the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone, who died in 1891, came of age last week, and took formal possession of the family estates. He is above seen arriving at the castle with his mother, Mrs. William Gladstone

Wellington Scion Shoots at Bisley

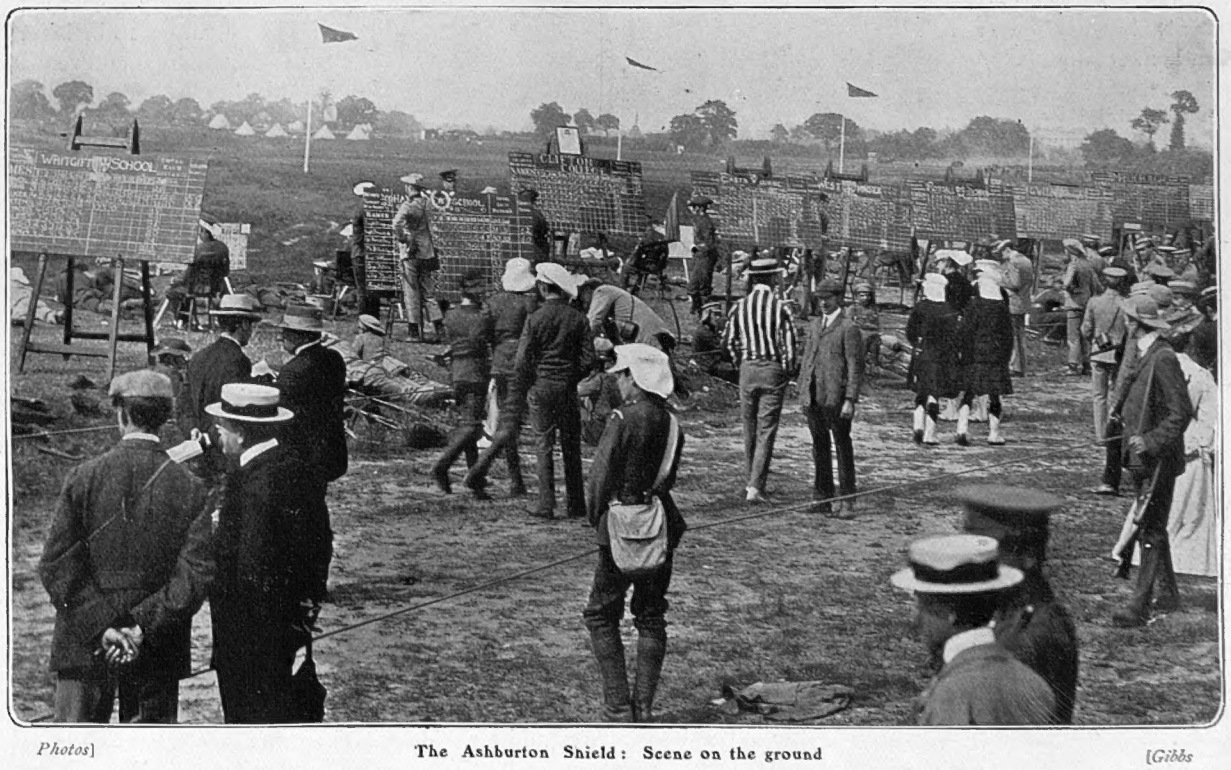
The Duke of Wellington watching his youngest son, Lord George Wellesley (aged 17), shooting for the Ashburton Shield. The Duke himself shot for Eton forty years ago, and the first Duke, for England, at Waterloo some fifty years previously

Lord George Wellesley (left), of Wellington College, and Sergt. Thomson, Captain of the College team, taking part in the Ashburton Shield Competition for public schoolboys

Descendants of the Iron Duke on the Bisley battlefield

One of the most interesting features of Bisley, so far as the young idea—which, after all, is the most important—was concerned, was the shooting for the Ashburton Challenge Shield, fifty schools having entered to take part, and Dover being the victor with a total of 467 points.

Last year Harrow carried away the trophy with a total of 473 points, but this year Harrow came in third, and amongst the most interested of spectators was the Duke of Wellington, who, with Lord Cheylesmore, came down to see his son, Lord George Wellesley, shoot for Wellington. It is rather a coincidence that the Duke, forty years ago, shot for Eton with Lord Cheylesmore in the same event. With the exception, however, of this match, and the Lords and Commons, public interest has been but faintly fluttered by the proceedings at Bisley, which, I believe, however, in spite of the apathetic attitude of the average non-target shooting Briton, has been this year an unqualified success.



Photos] **The Ashburton Shield: Scene on the ground** *[Gibbs*

View of the course and scoring boards for the great Shooting Competition for Schoolboys, which was finally won by Dover College. Winchester came next, only one point behind, while Harrow was third

Racing Peer's Hint to Newmarket

Dumb Friends

I wish I were a horse or a cat or anything whose welfare is taken to heart by a League. If offered, however, a choice of Leagues, I should certainly choose that one known as the Dumb Friends' League, even if I had to be dumb for ever more in order to obtain their charity. For, really, judging by the hundreds, simply hundreds, of entertainments, bazaars, fêtes, fairs, dances, and other things which are given by the League for the benefit of the Dumb Friends, I am sure they must be, if not just a wee bit fed up, at any rate, almost sufficiently provided for in the way of sun-bonnets and things, by this time, so unceasing and determined are the enormous efforts made on their behalf by the League in question. It would be rather nice, by the way, to know what other direction, besides that of the poor dear horses' sun-bonnets, is taken by the League in its charitable ministrations. I hazarded this intelligent question to a very charming lady selling sweets from the Countess of Yarmouth's stall at the Country Fair held in aid of that decidedly lucky institution, the Dumb Friends' League, the other day at the Botanical Gardens, but all I could get out of her was, "*I* don't know; I only know about the sun-bonnets myself."

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Clementine Waring

Wife of the Irish Master of the Horse, who sold baskets from a gipsy caravan in the recent Country Fair at Regent's Park

* * *

The Country Fair

Anyway, I decided, the Dumb Friends are in good company. Duchesses were running cocoa-nut shies, and Marchionesses Punch and Judy Shows; while four caravans of the most approved pattern were in charge of such charming ladies as the Marchioness of Donegall and Lady Clementine Waring, the popular wife of the popular Master of the Horse to the Irish Viceroy, who were selling baskets of the peculiarly useless—I mean, of course, useful—type one gets at this kind of show. Tea was served to us by actresses in the most approved style, and at any price your affection for the actresses or the Dumb Friends encouraged you to give; and, by the way, I do believe it was at one of these Dumb Friends' Bazaars that that fair lady, whose name I will not divulge, handed to a soldier, as famous as she was fair, a cup of tea for the absurdly low charge of one guinea. Thinking she knew her man, the lady took a sip from the cup before it left her hands and murmured, "And now it's two guineas." "Ah," said the customer, "and now may I have a clean cup?"

Photo] **A private racecourse owner** *[Bassano*

Lord de Clifford, who has laid out a racecourse in his park in County Galway, on which the first meeting is to be held on August 8, with free stabling for all horses, and prizes amounting to £400 given by his lordship

* * *

Lord de Clifford's Racecourse

In common with most Irishmen, Lord de Clifford's greatest hobby, next to hunting (he is the youngest M.F.H. of the day), is racing, and, since his return from his honeymoon—it will be remembered that Lord de Clifford, also in the time-honoured fashion of Irish peers, took a bride some few months ago from the light opera stage—has been spending most of his time at Dalgan Park, his Irish seat near Tuam, laying out a new racecourse on his demesne. A meeting is to be held there on August 8, Lord de Clifford having very generously offered to present the stakes, amounting to £400, and also—Newmarket authorities please note—to stable free all the horses running. Altogether, the meeting promises to be very sporting indeed, and is to include, amongst other events, two hurdle races and a five-furlong flat race. Lord de Clifford now shares with Sir John Arnott the honour of being the only man in Ireland to possess a racecourse of his very own, Sir John's racecourse rights being vested in the Cork Park and the Phœnix Park Racecourses.

* * *

The Sins of the Motor-'Bus

Not content with knocking down people and killing unconsidered trifles like dogs and cats, the motor-'bus has now taken to knocking spots off that most ancient and revered of buildings—Westminster Abbey. The other day, a large piece of stone fell off the north front of the Abbey. What is the cause of this lapse? asked the Dean and

"Buy a Broom?"

LADY DONEGALL'S GIPSY RÔLE AT THE REGENT'S PARK FAIR

Photo *Bassano*

The Marchioness of Donegall

The seizure of land in Regent's Park lately by the social unemployed, for the purpose of holding a country fair (in aid of the Dumb Friends' League), enabled many members of the aristocracy to earn an honest penny (or rather bank-note). Among them was the Marchioness of Donegall, who, in the guise of a gipsy, conducted, in partnership with Lady Orford, a gipsy caravan, at which many wares were sold at glorious prices

The Abbey and the Vandal-Guard

Chapter. The shaking of the motor-'buses, replied the architect to the Dean and Chapter, backing up his assertion by the opinion of the architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Therefore, as we really cannot have it handed down to posterity that Westminster Abbey fell down owing to such passing things as motor-'buses, it has been decided to spend, during the next four or five years, in addition to the ordinary expenditure, which amounts to about £4,000 a year, a further sum of £20,000. One thing, however, is quite certain, and that is that motor-'bus companies should be made to pay for their depredations, just as motor-car owners should be made to pay for the country roads they are daily tearing up and ruining.

* * *

Lloyd's Not Quite Aï

Lloyd's is not quite A1 these days, for its committee has just had to accept the resignation of its secretary, Sir Henry Montague Hozier, who has acted in that capacity for over thirty-two years. One is apt to lose sight of the fact that all great concerns have some dominant personality behind them, though this is often not fully realised till the personality is taken away. Sir Henry has filled many rôles in his time, for he served with the Royal Artillery in China, acted as a war correspondent of *The Times*, and went through the war between Germany and Denmark in 1864, while in 1885 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament. Lloyd's will not find it easy to appoint such an able successor to the secretary they have just lost.

The late Secretary of Lloyd's

Sir Henry M. Hozier, who has resigned his position, after thirty-two years of office

* * *

Once More—the Kaiser

The most serious, the most puissant, and the most German of all Emperors does not often contribute so much to the gaiety of nations as he has managed to do since the birth of his grandson. A spectator tells me that to see the Kaiser on board his yacht, in the fullest of full uniforms, arrayed, wreathed, and haloed in smiles, surrounded by his Staff, and with a real German brass band playing away with all its might down below decks, receiving congratulations on his feat—I mean on his son's feat—from every single soul who could be scratched up at a few moments' notice to offer congratulations, was a sight to bring smiles to the face of a Gorgon. Of course, there is no one like the Kaiser Wilhelm, and, as I said last week, I believe he is a wonderful man. Only a man with such a wonderful lack of any sense of humour could be as amusing to the world at large as he is. But I do think it is rather hard on the Crown Prince. All the skittles and none of the beer, vulgarly speaking, have been his portion in this little matter.

The Motor-'bus at Westminster Abbey, which it shakes as it flies

It is now quite the thing to abuse the motor-'bus, and one of the most interesting charges against it is that its vibrations endanger public buildings. It has been said that Westminster Abbey is in danger, and the shaking of the passing Vanguards has caused a fall in the masonry, which it will be costly to replace. "Where will the Vanguard stop?" is the cry everywhere (which is daily echoed at countless street-corners by would-be passengers)

"Grossvater Wilhelm" Receives the News

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

The Kaiser, soon after hearing of the birth of his grandson, on the Imperial yacht "Hamburg"

On the news being received (by wireless telegraphy) on board the Imperial yacht *Hamburg* (*en voyage* for Norway) of the birth of a grandson to His Majesty (through the intermediary of the Crown Prince and Princess), the Kaiser, who is standing on the left of the above group, ascended to the quarterdeck, ordered the band below to play suitable music, and engaged in animated conversation with the ship's officers. Both grandfather and grandson are, at the time of writing, doing well

Golfing with Bow and Arrow

Why Newmarket is Unpopular—A Reply

My tentative remarks about Newmarket have "drawn" a fair correspondent, who seems to know all about it: "How nice and funny of you, you dear, sensible man," she writes, "to want to make racin' at Newmarket the *mode* for butterflies. You might as well propose that one should shop at the Stores or at Brixton. Do the grasshoppers go to the ploughed lands? Newmarket is for the ants—Nature, or her modern vice-regent, rules it so. Isn't that enough? Ages ago, some singin' person told us about 'The biz, the biz, the biz-ness girl.' Do you remember? Well, you hardly seem to realise that Newmarket is like that, and now you see how really silly it is to be sensible, don't you? Men racin' is a shockin' *business*, really. It makes men, who want to be quite nice, hardly notice how nicely one's little muslin dresses are painted. Every owner is at heart a serious sort of beast, who wants to gain a plate or something. They are always doing it, almost every week just now, and quite unnoticed, at Newmarket. Why not leave them there in peace? And I'll tell you a secret—I always love doing that. We have found out that *they* don't want us there. And, then, where in the world is the excellent Liverpool Street you speak of? And, don't you know, wise butterflies like the fine flower of things. We think we get that at Sandown, Ascot, and even Kempton. That is enough of one thing, but still we shall go to Goodwood before Cowes, of course.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P.

Who has made a number of able speeches on the Education Bill during the past week, and who, altogether, has earned a reputation in one Session which recalls that of Disraeli's youth

* * *

How to Settle the Matter

"The best thing that can happen at Newmarket is for the nice men to find out there what horses are going to win at the places we go to, and put us on a bit. I think Newmarket is a sort of manufactory where horribly earnest trainer-people produce the charmin' Sandown winners—but with great difficulty. One might as well go into a kitchen and watch how the prawn in aspic is persuaded to be so nice. You *quite* understand now, so don't try any more to make us find the respectable Liverpool place, or rush off to some uncomfortable little town for about four days every week, and get back to town too late to hear Caruso, and far too tired to dare to wear white. Newmarket, indeed! If I didn't always see The Bystander, and know you were a dear, I should think you were, oh, well——, but I know you're not, really."

* * *

"Smith, of Wadham"

Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., follows the usual course of the Parliamentary prodigy, alternating between popularity and abuse. His early speeches having been witty, he has to pay the penalty, for no sooner does he open his mouth in serious, technical debate on the Education Bill than certain Ministerial organs pronounce him to be "dull" and "a bore." He will, doubtless, survive. Meanwhile, the Conservative Party, sadly deficient in energetic, oratorical politicians, are to be congratulated on their possession of so brilliant a foil to "Winston" and Lloyd-George as "Smith, of Wadham."

Golfing with bow and arrow

A somewhat startling inversion of sport was that of Sir Ralphe Payne-Gallwey, lately, at Sudbrooke. The worthy baronet is an expert archer, and he challenged W. Hunter, the professional golfer, to a game, in which he should cover the course with bow and arrow, while his opponent used orthodox golf clubs. The archer is above seen in the act of "shooting a stroke." The match ended all square. Hunter, the golfer, is seen on the extreme right

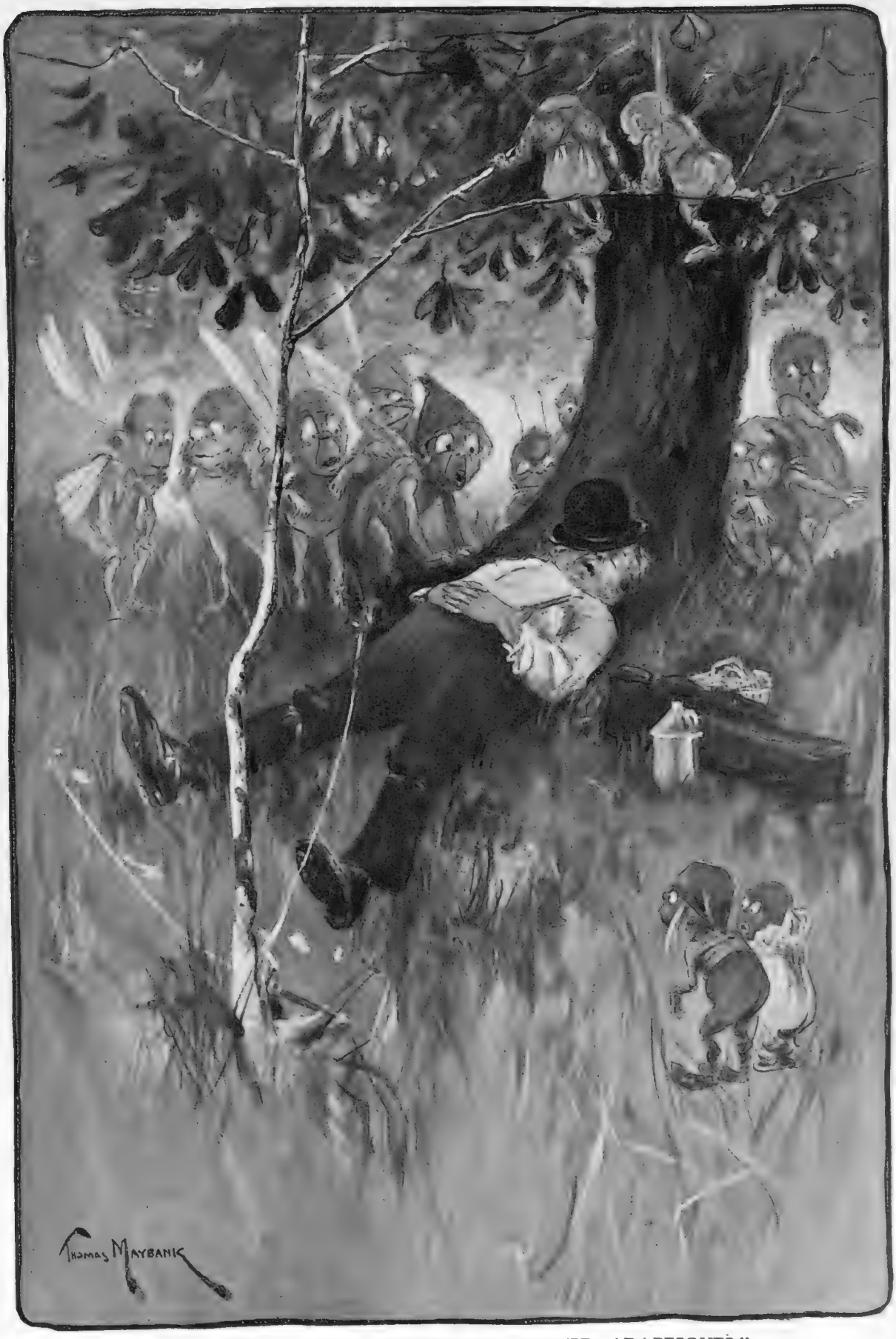
* * *

Lady Noreen Bass

A function for which many people remained in Town, was the ball given by Lady Noreen Bass last night, at her house in Piccadilly, which, with the big ball at the German Embassy last Friday, constitutes the last affair of the kind for the season. Fishing, too, by the way, is, next to racing (he is the owner of Sceptre and Cyllene), the favourite pastime of Lady Noreen's husband, Mr. William Bass, heir to Lord Burton, of brewing fame, and proprietor, too, of *The Era*. Lady Noreen, who married Mr. Bass some three years ago, is a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and her entertainments, though fairly few and far between, are counted as amongst the best in London.

Talking of entertainments, by the way, it was funny, at the huge reception given at Knebworth by Lord and Lady Strathcona, the way the lawns became strewn, literally strewn, with piles of plates

A Summer Idyll



"AND THE DAMNED GROTESQUES DANCED ARABESQUES"

The plague of caterpillars and other creeping things is causing great inconvenience to the regular frequenters of Hyde Park during the season

DRAWN BY THOMAS MAYBANK

Horticulture at Holland House

and cups and saucers and things! There seemed to be a slight shortage in the way of footmen, or rather waiters, and so people, in the well-bred way which is the exclusive characteristic of the upper classes, helped themselves to refreshments and, as I say, deposited the dishes on the grass at their feet, until the place resembled nothing so much as a crowded tea-garden on a Saturday afternoon.

* * *

Town—and Country

I suppose one of the greatest anomalies about this wonderful London of ours is the success with which we manage to insert, right in the middle of dirt and chimney-pots and crowded life, a beautiful bit of sylvan scenery which would do credit to the depths of Devonshire or the sweetness of Surrey. The parks of London alone are the most beautiful of any city in the world, and the houses encroaching thereon *tout ce qu'il y a*, as they say in France, of country, but there is one house which, with its Italian gardens, its hayfields, and lily ponds, its rose walks and orangery, is, I think, just about the last word in country houses in Town, and that is Holland House, the London home of Lord and Lady Ilchester. With the utmost regularity, each year, visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's Show, held at Holland House, are struck afresh by the curiousness of it all. To the commercial mind, indeed, it seems nothing short of insane that land, abutting as it does on almost the most valuable part of London — High Street, Kensington—should, for sentimental reasons, remain unsold and unprofitable.

BYSTANDER.

Photo] **Lady Noreen Bass** *[Lafayette*

Who gave a ball in Piccadilly on Tuesday. Lady Noreen is the wife of Mr. William Bass, heir to Lord Burton

Photo *Bystander Copyright*

Holland House on the day of the Flower Show

The Town residence of Lord and Lady Ilchester, which was the scene of last week's Floral Exhibition, under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society. The house is Elizabethan, and was built in 1607. It has been tenanted by numerous celebrities, including Penn and Addison. The Show enabled many people to enjoy a view of the remarkable house and lovely grounds

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Dreyfus Tragedy Retold

After twelve years' fearful struggle and feverish excitement, justice, at last, has been done. The whole civilised world has assisted at the Homeric fight of intrigue and violence against Truth, and will rejoice with France at this great victory. But, whilst the Chamber of Deputies rehabilitated the martyr, Alfred Dreyfus, and the hero, Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, another scene was enacted in the Senate. There M. Delpeche rose, and, turning to General Mercier, said, in a stern tone: "There is a man who ought to replace him in the hulks, whose innocence has just been proclaimed; and you, General Mercier, are that man."

The Supreme Court of France declared that Alfred Dreyfus was entirely innocent of the charge of high treason for which he was sentenced to penal servitude. The Court cancelled the judgment of the military tribunal of Rennes of 1899, and ordered that there should be no further trial by court-martial or otherwise. The judgment declares that Alfred Dreyfus was sentenced wrongfully, and that nothing whatever subsists of the indictment upon which he was condemned. And Parliament, without losing a minute, passed a law ordering Dreyfus's reinstatement in the Army and his promotion to the rank of major; also the reinstatement of Colonel Picquart, with the rank of General of Brigade.

Major Alfred Dreyfus

Officer (on active service) of the French Army, and prospective Knight of the Legion of Honour. After twelve years of dishonour (five of them being spent on the Ile du Diable) he is now proclaimed by the Supreme Court to be innocent of the crime for which he was twice sentenced, and to be a worthy soldier of France

* * *

The End of Anti-Semitism?

Well may the members of the Supreme Court be proud for the work they achieved. They have been above the intrigues, the manœuvres, and the menaces hurled at them, and have allowed justice to triumph in a cause wherein all the powers of darkness had combined to crush an innocent man. Captain Dreyfus's rehabilitation pillories the men who accumulated infamy upon infamy to ruin a brave officer, whose sole guilt consisted in belonging to the Jewish creed. His rehabilitation deals a crushing blow to the factions who risked their political fortune on such an abominable card; and last, but not least, it will help to do away with the existing system of French courts-martial, which, instead of judging impartially, are guided by prejudice and impulse. And thus France has cleared itself from the disgrace which the crimes of a band of miscreants had accumulated on her head. The French nation, through its highest tribunal, repairs and effaces the error it committed, and in a magnanimous spirit is anxious to honour the memory of those who fought for truth and justice, and who died without having assisted at this rehabilitation. Their glory-roll is a long one, and includes Emile Zola, Bernard Lazare, Eugène Carrière, Scheurer-Kestner, Trarieux, Grimault, and others, whose names will go down to posterity.

The exasperating part, however, of the affair is that in France, and in England, there are still thousands of people who insist on referring to the "mystery that enshrouds the Dreyfus affair." Mystery,

Brigadier-General Picquart

The hero who shares with Emile Zola the honour of having made supreme sacrifices for the cause of truth and justice, and whose discovery of the *petit bleu* led to the establishment of the guilt of Esterhazy, for which he was imprisoned and degraded

After the Rennes trial

Dreyfus, after his second condemnation by the court-martial of 1899, staggering from the Court to undergo a renewed sentence of ten years (from which, however, he was soon after reprieved by the President)

forsooth! The truth has come to light long ago, and it is of childish simplicity.

* * *

How the Plot was Hatched

In the Secret Information Department of the General Staff important documents began to disappear in a mysterious manner. The fact of there being what is called here in military parlance a "leakage," was reported to the heads of the department, who at once ordered an inquiry. Captain Alfred Dreyfus, one of the youngest officers on the Staff, was also the first Jew to have earned this distinction, and his brother officers — nearly all of them educated in Jesuit colleges—never forgave General de Miribel for having conferred this honour on a Jew. Their anti-Semitic feelings revolted against such a proceeding, and, owing to their insane prejudice, were predestined to play a more or less important rôle in the drama that was to follow. The most violent among them was Colonel Sandherr, an irresponsible maniac, who believed that all Jews were traitors, and, at Easter-time, murdered little children. Paty du Clam, his *alter ego*, shared the same views. It was not difficult to convince them that they would commit a laudable act in ridding the Army —and possibly France—of their enemy.

Dreyfus's Arch-Enemy: Gen. Mercier

The late War Minister, who, knowing Dreyfus to be innocent, ordered his condemnation in 1894, and supported his perfidy by a series of plots and intrigues. He is now in England

The Part Played by the Clericals

And, in case they should have had any misgivings on that score, Father Du Lac, who played an occult, but leading part in the "*Affaire*," was there to put their minds at rest. To any unprejudiced person, it was perfectly clear that only one officer could have been responsible for the leakages — *i.e.*, the now notorious Esterhazy. Heavily in debt, an inveterate gambler, without any moral sense whatever, Esterhazy received 2,000 francs a month for the documents he sold to the German Government. These facts soon leaked out, but the opportunity of sacrificing a Jew whom they had within reach was too good to let slip, and Dreyfus was arrested. It was the first intimation General Mercier, then Minister of War, had of the affair. For a whole fortnight, the luckless Dreyfus, tortured and insulted by Paty du Clam, never ceased to protest against the infamous charge brought against him, and in justice to Mercier it must be said that, convinced of the man's innocence, he was on the point of ordering his immediate release. It should be remembered that when these events took place Dreyfus's arrest had been kept secret, for Mme. Dreyfus, terrified by Paty du Clam's horrible

Reproduced from] **Dreyfus denouncing Mercier at the Court-Martial of Rennes** ["*The Graphic*," *Sept. 14, 1899*

Just before Mercier had concluded his "evidence" of Dreyfus's guilt, he turned towards Dreyfus and said, "If the slightest doubt had entered my mind, I should be the first to say I had blundered in good faith." Dreyfus here sprung up, shook his fist, and cried out, "That is what you ought to say. It is your duty," and he seemed to rush on his tormentor

threats, had likewise sworn not to divulge the news. If, therefore, Dreyfus had at that moment been set free, Esterhazy would have been arrested in his stead, cashiered, and little or no fuss would have been made over him. But the conspirators watched, and whilst Mercier hesitated, Colonel Henry—Esterhazy's bosom friend—rushed to the offices of *La Libre Parole*, the clerical, anti-Semitic, Anglophobe paper, and informed them that an officer, named Dreyfus, a Jew, had been arrested for high treason. Drumont, the editor of the before-mentioned sheet, aided by *La Croix* and other clerical publications, then started a terrific campaign against Mercier, who, to save himself, like Judas, committed the dastardly crime of allowing a man whom he knew to be innocent to be condemned, on documents faked and forged by those who, compelled to screen Esterhazy, put all the guilt on Dreyfus's shoulders. This happened in 1894.

* * *

The Heroism of Picquart

Two years later, for the first time, Colonel Picquart appeared upon the scene. To his surprise, he noticed that the "leakages" for which Dreyfus was sent to penal servitude continued since the latter was in Devil's Island; and he was horrified when he saw what villainies had been perpetrated. In indignant tones he reproached his chiefs with their conduct, and received from them the memorable reply to which he often refers: "Why do you excite yourself? You are not on Devil's Island!" In vain did they appeal to what they called his "patriotism," pointing out to him the danger of compromising French officers. Picquart, burning with indignation, gathered all the proofs of the shameful conspiracy, but, by doing so, he sealed his doom. Persecuted, slandered, he was arrested on a false charge and sent to the Cherche-Midi military prison. As he was led away, he turned round to the public in Court, and said: "If I am found dead in my cell and you are told I committed suicide, don't believe it. You will know I have been murdered!" But, soon afterwards, there was uneasiness in the conspirators' camp. They were compelled to withdraw from Esterhazy; and that worthy gentleman had to seek safety in London. Henry, too, was becoming too compromising, and, deserted by those who used him as their tool, he committed suicide, taking his share of his wretched secret to the grave.

The three conspirators

(1) MERCIER: Dreyfus's arch-enemy and false accuser from first to last
(2) BILLOT: Who proclaimed the doctrine of the *chose jugée*, *i.e.*, that because Dreyfus had been pronounced guilty, he *was* guilty
(3) BOISDEFFRE: The Minister, who threatened the jury at the Zola trial with a "strike of the General Staff" if Dreyfus's innocence were asserted, and who introduced the Kaiser's name as knowing of Dreyfus's guilt

* * *

France Rehabilitated

Recent events in connection with the Dreyfus affair are fresh in everybody's memory. After the sinister parody of justice, enacted before the two military tribunals, we have had the long and patient investigation by the Judges of the Supreme Court. Their work is ended, and we can breathe freely; for it is not only Dreyfus, but the French nation whom they have rehabilitated.

The Most Imposing City in Europe: Vienna at the Franzensring

It should be every Englishman's ambition to see the chief cities of Europe, if only for the reason that he will have the satisfaction of being able to grumble at his own Capital when he returns. On August 13 and September 3 special tours start from London, which include visits to most of the important cities of Northern and Central Europe. Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Munich, Nuremberg, Cologne, Brussels—what names to conjure with! The tours take exactly three weeks, and cost thirty-six guineas inclusive, while they are organised by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, of Ludgate Circus. Two or three days are spent in the more important cities, and every opportunity is afforded for seeing the principal objects of interest

The "Rapprochement" with Servia

HAS THE CREDULITY OF SIR EDWARD GREY BEEN IMPOSED UPON?

Shaking Hands with Servia

Last week we published a paragraph on the Servian question drawing attention to the satisfaction of King Peter and his Court at having regained the goodwill of England. The paragraph went on to state that in the compulsory retirement of the regicides Servia had cleared itself of blots on its escutcheon. Exception to this view is taken by a correspondent—a Serb—now resident in London:—

England, after protesting against the continuance in office of the Servian regicides (he writes) has at last withdrawn her taboo. Not, mark you, because the murderers have expressed penitence for their misdeeds. The *rapprochement* is partly accounted for by the state of apathy into which the English Government had drifted. Hers was the only voice raised in protest, and she grew tired of shouting against a chorus. There is no more weary work than continuing to agitate when all you get for your righteousness is a shrug of contempt from your neighbours. There is an alternative reason for the *rapprochement*. It is that the credulity of Sir Edward Grey has been imposed upon; that the Servian Prime Minister has induced him to believe that the regicides have been punished. How else can one explain the rapid recovery of England from her first feelings of horror at the crime?

At first, the least she demanded was the punishment of the regicides by exile. Now she is satisfied with an assurance that the military regicides have been dismissed from their commands. They have been dismissed. And this, if you please, only after they have enjoyed three years of complete immunity from censure, during which they have continued to hold their commissions, and have walked about the streets of Belgrade, attended the theatres, restaurants, and social functions as though for all the world they were national heroes, rather than butchers of the most brutal type. It is the manner of dismissal which gives such a farcical turn to their "punishment." King Peter issues a proclamation to the effect that these officers have been placed on the retired list at their own request. Furthermore, that, in consideration of their self-sacrifice, they have been awarded full pension. Such terms of punishment, proposed to the English Government in the first shock of the crime, would have been regarded as an insult. But time has weakened the once noble indignation of the English Government to the vanishing point. She can now stomach the blood which once revolted her. This would not appear strange had the murderers made use of time to wash the blood from their hands. But the spirit of impudence, not the spirit of sorrow, possesses the present Servian Court. The King and his courtiers are best represented, not on their knees, but with their fingers to their noses.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

King Peter of Servia leaving the Konak to attend a Council of State

The King is at last officially recognised by Great Britain, which, after withholding its diplomatic representative for three years as a protest against the continuance of the regicides in office, has now relented, King Peter having "dismissed" the murderers of King Alexander and Queen Draga

The PLAYHOUSES

Criterion Theatre

"THE PRINCE CHAP"

A soft-hearted Southerner, Mr. E. W. Peple, has made the woman-child the subject of a play. His countrymen liked the play immensely. It ran twenty-two weeks in New York—quite a fair season—and was acclaimed on the road. I shall be surprised (and delighted—failure is as much a bugbear to a critic as to a manager) if *The Prince Chap* does not turn out the latest illustration of the difference in dramatic taste between English and American audiences. An English audience takes hardly to a child upon the stage. Enter the juvenile player, and the audience breathe a prayer, "I do hope this won't be one of those terrible stage children." As a matter of fact, the stagey child has almost disappeared from the boards of West-End theatres. During the last decade I have many delightful and few disagreeable recollections of performances by children—boys and girls. But the fear remains when a child enters that we are about to be tortured by a shrill-voiced, artificial, attitudinising little monkey, who ought to be spanked and put to bed.

M. Antoine

Who is making his last appearance in London this week as an actor. The famous manager of the Odéon will, in the future, devote all his attention to directing

Two Clever Child Actresses

Mr. Peple's play makes very heavy demands upon the histrionic capabilities of two little girls. If they have not wondrous charm and talent, good-bye to the chances of the play's success. In the Criterion production, Miss Betty Green and Miss Geraldine Wilson are more than equal to their difficult tasks. Both play with ease, charm, and finish. Time and again these delightful children are confronted with scenes and "business" which would topple over at one touch of over-emphasis. Not alone once, but every time, they attain success in proportion to the difficulty of the situation. Whatever be the fate of the play in London, these two children will have carried off the honours. If the play succeed, it will be because of them; if it fail, it will be in spite of them.

A Succession of Child Scenes

As for the play, it is simple enough to be summed up in a line or two. A young sculptor promises a dying woman to look after her child. In Act I. we see the child, in Act II. the girl, in Act III. the little woman. The sculptor commences a foster-father and

Mr. George Schaeffer (*Fritz*) — Mr. H. R. Roberts (*William Peyton, sculptor*) — Mr. A. E. Greenaway (*Ballington*) — Mr. George Shelton (*Peyton's man-servant*)

Photo] Mr. Frank Collins (*Yadder*) — Mr. Sam Sothern (*Earl of Henningford*) [*Dover Street Studios*

"THE PRINCE CHAP" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE: PEYTON'S ARTIST FRIENDS BRING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR LITTLE CLAUDIA

ends a lover. His own "Princess Alice" jilts him, and he gradually learns to love his charge, grown to womanhood. That is all. The note of sentiment is dominant throughout. Any one of the scenes between the sculptor and his little charge, whether child or girl, would serve as excellent relief in a play concerned with sterner realities. In the first act little Claudia kneels down by the sculptor and says her prayers. The scene makes you hold your breath, as if you were witnessing one of those Dangerous Performances by women, which are now the subject of legislation. You are filled with terror lest the scene should collapse. A scene with a child is excellent once in a way, but it is another matter to string a succession of child scenes into a play.

A Slough of Sentiment

When the children are off, which is but seldom, the grown-up characters keep up the sentiment. There is that well-known type, the smutty-faced slavey who has never been kissed. There are artists, substantial only in their relations to little Claudia. For the rest they are shadows. There is a comic man-servant, whose facetiousness cannot disguise his great heart. Finally, there is William Peyton, the sculptor, whose goodness keeps on slopping over into goodiness. A child can run on a path where a man can only stumble. Mr. H. R. Roberts is an admirable actor—manly, well-appearing, and sincere—but, occasionally, he lagged behind the children, making but poor progress through the slough of sentiment.

Royalty Theatre

"LE PASSÉ"

I am indebted to the artist-man for the following cryptic notice of *Le Passé*, at the Royalty Theatre. Alfred Jingle could have done no better :—

"A typical French play—three characters : Intriguing married woman, unmarried woman with a past, and accomplished *roué*. An even caste, with hardly full scope for their powers. All minor parts exceptionally well played. Mlle. Marthe Brandès added to herself another charm by acquiring a slight cold for the evening. She was passionate, vivacious, soulful, and sobbed most moistly into a foamy four-inch-square handkerchief, Her Dominique was delightful. M. Calmettes, who played François Prieur, the *roué*, is a very reserved actor, and worked his part up to a fine point. He was the *roué superbe*. Maurice, Dominique's lover, of the hang-back type, waited his chance throughout the piece to the very end, when he gained possession of her. Mme. Ballonge, another victim to François, portrays her double-dyed wickedness to perfection. All the company seemed to have the very gift of acting—everything being done with such ease. The play seemed to be considered a very ordinary one by the French members of the audience, who were in the majority." E. C. S.

Miss St. Denis and Her Hindoo Dances

Miss Ruth St. Denis, who was presented by Charles Frohman in her Hindoo dances at the Aldwych Theatre, concluded her matinées on Thursday week. Recently she has appeared at a series of entertainments given by Lord Lonsdale in Carlton House Terrace. The company on these occasions included the Duchess of Marlborough, Duchess of Sutherland, Dowager Countess of Lonsdale, Earl and Countess of Mar and Kelly, Viscount and Viscountess Castlereagh, Viscountess Chelsea, Viscount and Viscountess Ridley, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James, and many others.

M. Severin (*Maurice Arnault*)

Mlle. Marthe Brandès (*Dominique Brienne, the lady with the sad past*) M. André Calmettes (*François Prieur, the Roué*)

"LE PASSE" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

(*DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES*)

A NEW SEASIDE RESORT.

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

East Anglia is the holiday-maker's Orient. It is the paradise of the potterer. Now, a potterer is merely a member of the over-working classes in his leisure moments. The harder you work, when work is the order of the day, the better qualified are you to become a potterer. There are at this moment hundreds about to change from grub-workers into butterfly idlers. They have been too busy even to arrange a beautiful spot in which to emulate that great philosopher, the Lancashire yokel, who, being asked of what he was thinking, remarked, "Maistly nowt." Now, a holiday resort should be, above all, a place for unthinking, as Alice did not, but might have, remarked during her stay in Wonderland.

I have just returned from the paradise of the potterer, and if I can put off one single prospective holiday-maker from the trouble and rush and worry of Continental travel, I feel I shall not have written about East Anglia in vain.

The Joy of Not Doing Things

The ideal holiday resort is prodigal in amusements. It offers the visitor one thousand and one things to do, so that he be in the position to lay up for himself one thousand and one joys by not doing any of them. Go to a place where there is nothing to do except to eat and to drink and to admire the scenery. Such is the "cussedness" of the modern temperament, that a week's stay in this place will incline a man to think kindly even of pier and promenade. Contrariwise. All human enjoyment is negative. It is the things undone which give supreme pleasure.

I would have you share my joy in the strip of Norfolk coast on what has hitherto been called the wrong side of Cromer. Time has before now turned a wrong into a right. Sheringham, the friendly rival of Overstrand, is bent upon proving that there is no wrong side of Cromer at all. Go to Sheringham, then, and the number of things you need not do will keep you happy all through the holidays.

A Pretty Pilferer

Sheringham is a pretty pilferer. She has decked herself in bits of borrowed finery; she wears them with an air. Consider what she has taken. White cliffs with green borders from Kent, yellow sands from Prospero's island, purple moorland from

Sheringham Old Town: The fishing quarter

Crabbing and lobster-catching are in full swing just now, and the visitor can enjoy excellent sport in these sea-worthy little boats

A Chain of Sea-Coast Golf Links

Golf by the Sea: View from first green of the West Runton Links

The promontory in the centre background is Beeston Hill, and to the left lies Sheringham. The new Grand Hotel on the cliffs can be discerned. In the centre of the picture is seen the Golf Links Hotel, West Runton

Devonshire, dark firs from Scotland, bracken from Hindhead, foliage from the Forest of Arden, and country cottages with gardens of marigolds, foxglove, Canterbury bell, and climbing roses, from dreamland.

Seascape and landscape tug at the poor visitor until he is wearied by their rival claims upon him. He stands upon the cliff for a few moments to drink in the rare sweet air. It has gathered freshness and tang during its great sea journey from the Arctic. North, East and West of this favoured coast corner is the sea. The sun rises from the sea and sets in the sea. If he turns inland for a moment the eye is caught by the dark stretches of Fair Lady and Sheringham Woods, by the square tower of West Runton Church, by those quaintest of landmarks, the windmills.

The Call of Sea and Country

North, East, and West there is the call of the sea. South there is the call of the country. Which shall it be? The sea? Then I must introduce you to Sheringham old town, and to the picturesque fishermen, with their heavy sea-boots lined with flannel, their oilskins, and their sou'-westers. Very different is the Norfolk fisherman from his brother of the South Coast seaside resort. He does not wear a billycock hat, neither does he importune the visitor with a suggestive, "Like a boat, sir?" "Fine day for a sail, sir." You may walk about the beach and watch the Sheringham fishermen launch their sea-worthy little crab-boats. You may stop in your perilous descent of the cobbles, *en route* to the sands, and watch them tinkering with nets and lobster pots.

Sheringham Golf Links: Mr. Ben Davies, the famous singer, about to drive

Sheringham's Whispering Woods

A beautiful spot within a mile of the sea

These lovely woods form the estate of Sheringham Hall, the residence of Mr. Upcher. It is not often that such exquisite scenery is to be found so close to the sea

Seascape and Landscape at Sheringham

Still they will mind their business. Your kit, your expression, your whole demeanour, may indicate a passionate desire to go fishing. They will continue to mend and tinker. He is a fine, free, independent fellow, the Sheringham fisherman, courteous and most obliging—when you get to know him. His attitude is very simple. He does not like to cadge for custom. So, if you fancy a sail up the coast to Weybourne, with all the excitement of pulling up some eighty crab and lobster-pots *en route*, you must go and ask to be taken. Once upon a proper footing with you, he is as jolly as possible. If it be low tide, he and his mates will run their oars through the holes in the thwarts and use them as levers with which to lift the boat. Then they will march slowly, but steadily, down to the water's edge. The booted will carry the non-booted pick-a-back through the water to the boat now afloat, and away you go. But there are plenty more amusements by sea in which you need not indulge. You need not undress in the canvas bathing-boxes, climb painfully over the cobbles, then speed along the cool, glistening stretches of yellow sand to the sea. You need not turn the sands into a recreation ground, nor paddle among the rocks looking for shell-fish.

Beeston Priory, Sheringham

Picturesque ruins of an Augustinian Priory, founded by Margaret de Cressy during the reign of King John

A Chain of Golf Links

Landwards, there are sufficient sights not to see and things not to do to fill the cup of the potterer to the brim with happiness. Take your choice of things to leave. Foremost is golf. There is a perfect chain of golf links along the Norfolk coast. The nervous player, who was put off his stroke by "those beastly ships passing up and down the Channel," would play far below his handicap in this country. From Cromer the links stretch from the light-house almost to Overstrand. Northwards, the chain is taken up at West Runton, where the Links Hotel nestles amid as sporting a nine-hole course as you could wish to find. Between you and me, West Runton prides itself upon being the prettiest spot for miles around. In equal confidence, I will tell you, so that West Runton should not hear, that West Runton is about right in the matter.

"Pretty Corner," Sheringham

A familiar spot on the road between Sheringham and Cromer, at which the traveller may well pause and wonder whether things are as they seem, or "is visions about"

Moorland and Woodland

Inland, from the little old village and its church, the ground rises from moorland to woodland. A few minutes' walk from the hotel brings you to Fair Lady Wood, just the place where you might expect to light upon Rosamund's bower among the glades. If you are in the humour for a walk, pursue your way through the wood out into the lanes, now rioting with wild flowers, as far as Sheringham Wood. Here you must pause to weep at the faded glories of Rhododendron Walk. "Ah, if you had only been here just four weeks ago," they tell you. In imagination you clothe the giant bushes with their glorious blossom. "It must have been lovely," you say. "Ah! no one can imagine it," they answer, with a slight tone of reproof, as if to check, on your part, any attempt at vain-glorious imagining. But we have been spirited away from the links, so hark back for a moment to West Runton, for I would just make you known to Mr. Sprague, who brings to the management of the hotel a sense of originality in his notions of hospitality, which amounts to genius. There is one good old English custom there—but go to the hotel and see for yourself. You will enjoy discussing mutual friends with Mr. Sprague. You see, he knows all the celebrities, and you must know some of them. And so to Sheringham Golf Links, the last in the chain. Think what a chance for the loafer to neglect playing upon three superfine sea-coast courses. But this is not all. There is a fine recreation ground at Sheringham, where, for nominal fees, he can (and with nothing to pay can not) play tennis, cricket, croquet, and bowls.

A Tip for the Journey

There are sufficient attractions at Sheringham to keep the potterer happy for weeks. I have indicated many, but he may find many other things not to do (the Broads are quite handy), and thus vindicate his claim to be an arch-potterer. But after many negatives to conclude positive. I take it for granted, O pottering reader, that, having read this brief account, you will cancel all your arrangements for foreign travel and go to Sheringham. Well, travel direct there by the Great Eastern Railway.

A slip-carriage from Liverpool Street will land you at Sheringham in 3 hr. 13 min., a good three-quarters of an hour quicker than the former route by 'bus from Cromer. So potter down to the station and take a through ticket for Sheringham.

In the Mecca of Music Drama

"*Kodak*" *photo*] **View of the Market Place, Bayreuth** [*Rev. E. M. Scott*

The Wagner Festival will take place at the end of the present month, and the little Bavarian town will, accordingly, present, during the days of the performances, a rather more animated appearance than the above. The town, with its national theatre and Wagner's tomb in the grounds of his villa, "Wahnfried," is the Mecca of lovers of Wagnerian music-drama, and is *en fête* every alternate year in honour of its greatest citizen

The Connoisseur.

ANTIQUE CHINESE PORCELAINS

This particular season in Town is unusually fortunate in its collections of antique Chinese porcelain, the most beautiful examples of this early ware being on exhibition in several galleries in or about Bond Street. From one of the most alluring of these displays, we give photographs of two remarkable examples of the *famille-rose* class. These vases, which are 24 inches in height, are to be seen at Messrs. J. M. Duveen and Sons, 38, Dover Street. Owing to the delicate workmanship of the decorator and the beauty of the paste, they may, we think, be held to be beyond compare. The ornamentation, showing the fighting cocks and branches of what are, no doubt, Moutan peonies, although applied to pieces of so considerable a size, is of a delicacy and quality usually observed on the finest egg-shell plates of the Yung Ching or early Kien Long period. It is, probably, to the Yung Ching (1723-35) reign that these remarkable examples date, as they show the technical perfection of that time with minuteness of the decoration characteristic of the passing of the *famille verte* into the less bold *famille rose*. It is said that the Emperor Yung Ching was himself a great patron of ceramics, and had examples of the ancient Sung glazes sought for in all parts of the country and copied at the Royal factories. Although this exhibition is rich in many examples of Blue and White Kang-he and other early Chinese wares, the fullest and most striking collection is that of the greatly prized "Powdered Blue." In this department of porcelain there are many pieces of great rarity and grace, such, for example, as the teapot with white panels, on which are painted in fine colours the figure of the *Lange lijsen* style, which is extremely uncommon in conjunction with this kind of under-glaze blue. There are also some very distinguished large vases of this character, with landscapes painted in fine blue in the white reserves—where, as a rule, if blue is used, it is not of a brilliant quality, as here. In each and all the many departments of Chinese porcelain, including some interesting "soft paste," this exhibition is rich, but to the specialist in "Powdered Blue," it is particularly attractive.

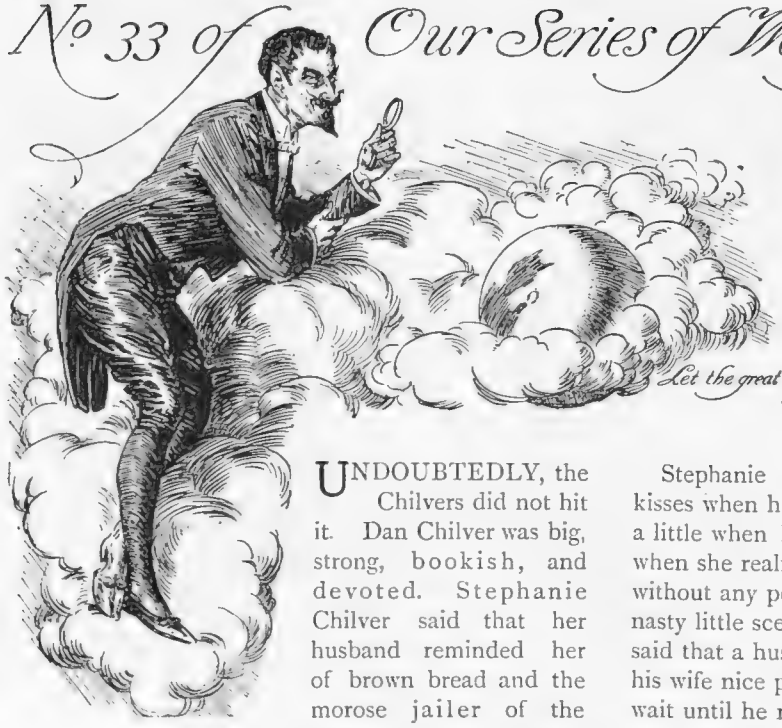
E. M.

Two unusually fine antique porcelain vases of the Yung Ching period (1723-1735), decorated in brilliant "famille rose," with designs of cocks fighting, and many finely drawn ornamental details

French Bedroom at Aldin Bros. and Davies

The bedroom on view at Messrs. Aldin's, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., is in the French style (period late Louis XV., early Louis XVI.), and has been designed by and carried out under the personal supervision of Mrs. Jack Cumming and their manager, Mr. Leslie Shingleton. The ceiling is covered with vaporous clouds painted in the centre. The walls are pale blue distemper, enriched with garlands of pale pink roses *en relief*, with ribboned drops forming panels, from the centre of which a gilded basket of pink roses is suspended. The bed and furniture has all been copied from either original models or from the well-known pictures of that period. The window and bed curtains are of white muslin and blue moiré silk, the muslin being garlanded with pink and blue roses in chiffon. The soft pale blue and pink Pompadour colouring is the keynote of the room, the whole effect giving the room a perfect blending of Pompadour colours, quite unlike anything ever seen before in London, and at a very reasonable cost.

No. 33 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Baiting of Stephanie

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

UNDOUBTEDLY, the Chilvers did not hit it. Dan Chilver was big, strong, bookish, and devoted. Stephanie Chilver said that her husband reminded her of brown bread and the morose jailer of the story-book, and she got to look upon their handsome house in Hanover Park Gardens as something very much like a prison. It was very delicious in the early days to be rocked in the arms of this splendid young giant. One's chiffons looked so pretty spread on his brown tweed knees, and his kisses were so wonderfully gentle. And, above all, he had a fascinating way of taking hold of one by the back of the neck with one hand, which was most satisfactory in an evening frock. Even Captain Dalmain, with all his musical comedy poses, could not improve on that. But Dan, at the end of six graceful months of lazy love, had shaken himself, so it seemed to Stephanie, and gone back to his books He was still very devoted, of course, but he resented intrusion on his work at certain hours. In the beginning it was easy to distract him by curling up on the rug by his chair with a diplomatic display of tan stocking, but he had gradually learnt to defy her wiles, and had even descended on occasion to locking the library door. Then Stephanie began to flirt.

It was, indeed, a most unfortunate business. Chilver worshipped his wife, but, rightly or wrongly, he foresaw financial trouble in an uxorious existence. Certainly, he had done little satisfactory work in the months that followed the honeymoon. This provoked a restlessness which was not at all mitigated by Stephanie's complete inability to appreciate the inwardness of what he, as an ambitious man, regarded as extraordinary self-sacrifice, and one fine summer morning, when she insisted on sitting on his writing-table in a most provokingly alluring lawn frock, with her parasol up, waiting to be taken to the races, he firmly decided to put his foot down, and make his lovely little girl understand once and for all that he could not spend all his days in pleasure-seeking.

Stephanie laughed, and smothered his face with kisses when he put his foot down. She teased him a little when he persisted in keeping it there. But when she realised that it had been put down finally, without any possible hope of resurrection, there was a nasty little scene. Amongst other things, Stephanie said that a husband did not justify himself by buying his wife nice petticoats, that she did not propose to wait until he rang the bell before she was kissed, that he, Daniel, had perjured himself at the altar, that she was delighted to be rid of his eternal chaperonage, and that mother had warned her of his Eastern instincts. In the course of her impassioned monologue, Chilver managed to interject remarks to the effect that the twentieth-century husband could not be expected to devote his energies to attaining the status of the Perfect Envelope, and that Adam and Eve's large family and apparently contented domesticity was readily explained by the absence of the sartorial difficulty. "Briefly, Stephanie, it comes to this. I will devote all my time to your amusement, if you don't mind going to Goodwood in a black sailor-hat and a cape." Then the library door would snap, silken skirts (under French gauze) would rustle the street door would clang, and Stephanie would hail a hansom to convey her to the residence of any friend of whom Dan entirely disapproved.

Six weeks alternate bickering and sulking must inevitably end in a violent explosion, and it came on a night when Stephanie really fully deserved it. Chilver generally went to bed at eleven, but on this particular occasion an essay on an agreeable topic had kept him hard at work till long past that hour. It was nearly one o'clock when, finishing a cigar in the dining-room, he heard the wheels of an electric brougham stop at the door. He rose from his chair and looked out through the blinds. An elaborately dressed woman was leaning out of the carriage window, chatting to a man who stood on the kerb. Chilver knew them both. The man was an elderly fool, a member of the two divorce clubs. The woman was a popular character in post-presented society, and universal rumour denied her morality. The key turned in the street door, and Chilver heard voices in the hall. He could not distinguish the words, but he heard a sound as to

Another "Worldly" story next week

(All rights strictly reserved

the nature of which there could not possibly be two opinions. It was a kiss. Not an affectionate kiss, but hasty, careless and insulting. Chilver was one of those who understood the psychology of these things. He got very cold as he waited, and his teeth grated together. Hearing the sound of footfalls on the steps, he looked out again. He only saw the man's back, but he was sure that he did not know him.

Stephanie burst into the room, looking flushed and excited. She drew up with a little cry as she saw her husband, and then looked, waiting. Chilver went to the table, and, picking up two books, returned them to the shelves. Mrs. Chilver put her hand on the back of a chair.

"Well!" she said. Chilver sat down with most irritating slowness.

"You are home very late." Had he not heard after all? Perhaps—but his face was so strange, and his eyes were so bright. Stephanie tried to bluster. What did he care if she was late? She had often been late before.

Chilver gripped the two arms of the chair, and motioned her with his head to a seat.

"To-morrow, Stephanie, I am going abroad—for some time. I will make arrangements with Nash and Chadwick for your support while I am away. I might not come back. Do you understand?"

Stephanie sprang to her feet.

"Why don't you try to divorce me?" she demanded. Immediately she repented, and wished she had burst into tears. But what are the good of second thoughts?

"If that were possible, the publicity of it would not suit my convenience just now. I shall be going early in the morning." He went to the door, and stopped, with his hand on the knob.

"Look after the dogs," he said.

Mrs. Chilver struggled up to bed at three o'clock, after drinking two glasses of a slate-blue liqueur.

In the morning Chilver went into his wife's room. He noticed a lovely heap of lace and ribbon on a couch as he entered, and his head swam a little. He bent over her as if—as if to see whether she was awake. She turned her head away, and Chilver strode out of the room with fury in his heart. As he descended the stairs, Stephanie stretched her arms out at full length.

"How lovely to have such lots of room," she murmured.

. . . . .

In the months that followed, Mrs. Chilver received a great deal of consolation from people of both sexes for the abominable behaviour of her husband in embarking on an unaccompanied world-tour so soon after the wedding. She got a little tired of it from feminine mouths. Unctuous sympathy flavours so of gloating. But from the men it was different. It was such an excellent *motif* for unconventional excursions. Indeed, for some months Mrs. Chilver enjoyed a very good time. Elderly angels, who had swept sin out of doors for the sake of their marriageable daughters, looked at her a little askance, but she was popular with, and petted by, everybody she cared about. When she stopped to think—and this was only when she returned to her big, empty house late in the evening—she deplored Dan's absence, wanted him back, and then felt very sorry for herself. She did not know where he was, and could not brace herself up to inquire of the solicitors. Anyway, there were the races to-morrow, the river on Thursday and Friday, and Sunday would be most happily spent in "Lulu" Trory's great car. Whatever was there to worry about? Indeed, nothing at all, had it not been for the arrival of Mr. Ingram.

One night at the Opera, Stephanie, looking her loveliest, and laden with wonderful diamonds, a wedding gift from an uncle, who was a Rand magnate, was introduced to a tall, slim-figured man, with a soft, northern accent in his voice. He did not attempt to talk Society gossip, nor did he seem to have made any effort when he secured the seat by her in the box, a feat which highly annoyed an enamoured subaltern of the party. In the interval they spoke of the singers, a phenomenal topic in this section of Society. Was not the soprano lucky to possess so beautiful a voice? asked Stephanie. She must have been born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Ingram thought that it was probably a saucer, but he did not say so. He steered the conversation into personal channels. Did she sing? Would she mind if he said that the development of her throat suggested it? He asked permission to admire her diamonds—he seemed to know something about precious stones—and suggested a rearrangement of the jewels in her corsage, which she delightedly admitted would be an improvement. Who was he? she asked mentally. He heard the question, and later on explained that he was almost a foreigner in his native land. He held large interests in the Argentine, and rarely visited England. He did not say that his interests were large, but he spoke of the interests of other people as being small. He said that he was returning shortly, and cleverly depicted the beauties of his home. Before they separated he had obtained permission to call.

Mrs. Chilver was alone when Ingram was announced. He was delightfully dressed, and Stephanie found his dark features and gleaming teeth very fascinating. He chatted very freely, and caressed her with words in a very daring manner. Her frock was tinted a delicate cerise, and her petticoats a baby pink. Ingram rearranged the cushions of her chair at least twice, and Stephanie at least once pretended to be uncomfortable. The time slipped by rather rapidly, and it was quite six o'clock when they stood together, hand in hand, at the drawing-room door.

"You will not excuse yourself on Tuesday, will you? The river will be deserted, and I will punt you up a private back-water. It is irregular, but some children have exceptional natures." He was still holding her hand. "We might have lunch on the boat, and tea as well if—ah, very well then, tea at the inn. Will you wear that frock? Yes, I know it is not quite suitable, but I dread the possibility of your looking more seductive in another. The woman who is merciful wears brown holland in a punt *Au revoir*. On Tuesday then, at ten."

Stephanie broke an engagement that night, and went to her bedroom early. This was because she wanted to think. "And it is ridiculous to attempt

(Continued on page 186)

One of the English Maids in "The Geisha"

Photo **Miss Gertrude Glynn** [Bassano

Who takes the part of Marie Worthington, one of the graceful, coolly clad, and much be-muslined and parasoled little visitors from England, whose appearance at intervals on the stage (in Japan) has a refreshing effect on the action, and enables the characters to break out into songs and dialogue which have nothing whatever to do with the Flowery Land

(Continued from page 184)

to think sensibly when you feel pretty," reflected Stephanie. Brushing her long, soft hair before the mirror she was tortured with recollections of her husband. He was so boyishly proud of her hair. She put down the brush, and stretched her spoilt little self on a low divan. Dan continued to pose before her eyes. She reached for a book, "Boudoir Apothegms," but her loose tresses tickled her face and shoulders. Somehow she could not be comfortable. There is no repose for the body unless the mind is at rest. And Stephanie's thoughts were of Wallis Ingram, his musical voice, his engaging frankness, his delicate sympathy. For he had shown that he knew of her husband's heartless departure. Of course, anyone he asked could tell him of that. Why had his visit made her so restless? Would it not be much more sensible to break the promise to spend that day with him on the river? How tall he was! And how delicate and clear the skin of his hands. That time when he had put the hassock under her feet, how she watched his dark head, and wondered whether it would bend—and bend until his lips touched the cob-web silk of her stocking. That would have been very sweet. His touch was so pleasant. One wanted to hear his voice close to the ear, and to feel his hands on one's cheeks. How fascinating his eyes were! How light his touch of one's shoulders! How perfectly he would kiss—is surely kissing! . . . When the maid entered to finish disrobing her mistress, she found her asleep on the divan, her hair over her face.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Chilver came down to breakfast in a brown holland frock. She ate some bacon and tomatoes, a boiled egg and dry toast, and then returned to her boudoir and discarded the holland for a delicious *voile*. The maid very nearly gave notice. When Ingram arrived, Stephanie was drinking cold coffee. Two more mouthfuls, and—if he had not come—she would have jumped back into the brown holland. It was a pity. Eve in a Puritan frock would never have bitten the apple. Woman would sooner be old than incongruous.

It was a perfect summer day. Ingram punted like an Olympian athlete, and flirted in that delightful manner which surely only prevails in the Argentine. About four o'clock, after a delightful lunch, they found themselves stretched on the cushions of the punt in a tiny back-water near Wargrave. The trees provided a low, thick canopy, through which the sun could not pierce. Wallis—he had persuaded her to call him Wallis—offered her a cigarette. They blew the smoke together, and Ingram said that the little blue curls when they mingled shaped the word "Kismet." This slightly annoyed Stephanie. It was more Brixton than the Argentine. But he made amends later when he puffed smoke round her feet, and begged her to come down from the clouds. Once he had taken hold of her hand. Stephanie opened her eyes wide, and he dropped it with a boy's blush that she found very delightful. Walking up to the inn through a little country lane, he slipped his arm through hers. Stephanie stopped walking, but the man's lips tightened, and he left his arm still linked. Stephanie firmly waited, looking at him with innocent surprise. He stood it for a little, and then released her. She curtseyed.

At dusk they again entered the punt. The river was sleepy in the twilight, and the marge of the back-water was peopled with insects whose "cheep" tickled the still air. Stephanie watched her friend's graceful figure as he paddled from the stern of the punt. She began to wish that he would cease paddling, and come and talk to her—in whispers. At last he was going to stop. He fastened the stern-rope to a tree-stump, and stepped over her frock as he went to the bows to make the boat secure at that end. Then he came and sat by her—in silence. Stephanie wriggled into a comfortable position, and carelessly exposed her stockings. She shook down her frock, with a blush that the dusk concealed. Ingram suddenly bent, and kissed her dress. She gave a startled little cry, and put her hands on his face. Was he moving his head, or was she drawing it to her? Their lips met, and a flicker of water-light revealed the meaning of their eyes. Stephanie's eyelids fell, but the man's remained distended. He kissed her fiercely several times. Stephanie pressed him back.

"Oh, take me home!" she begged. He took her hands in his, and, with his face close to hers, he vowed that he loved her.

"Stephanie, are you afraid? I love you. Oh, my darling, say that you care!" The girl's head fell. She drew her hands away, and sank back in the cushions, crying.

Ingram went to the stern to paddle the punt home, a curious, exulting look on his face.

In the week that followed Mrs. Chilver fought hard with Wallis Ingram. For two days she refused to see him, but he was allowed admittance in the end. Immediately the servant closed the door he took her in his arms, but Stephanie begged him to go—for his own sake.

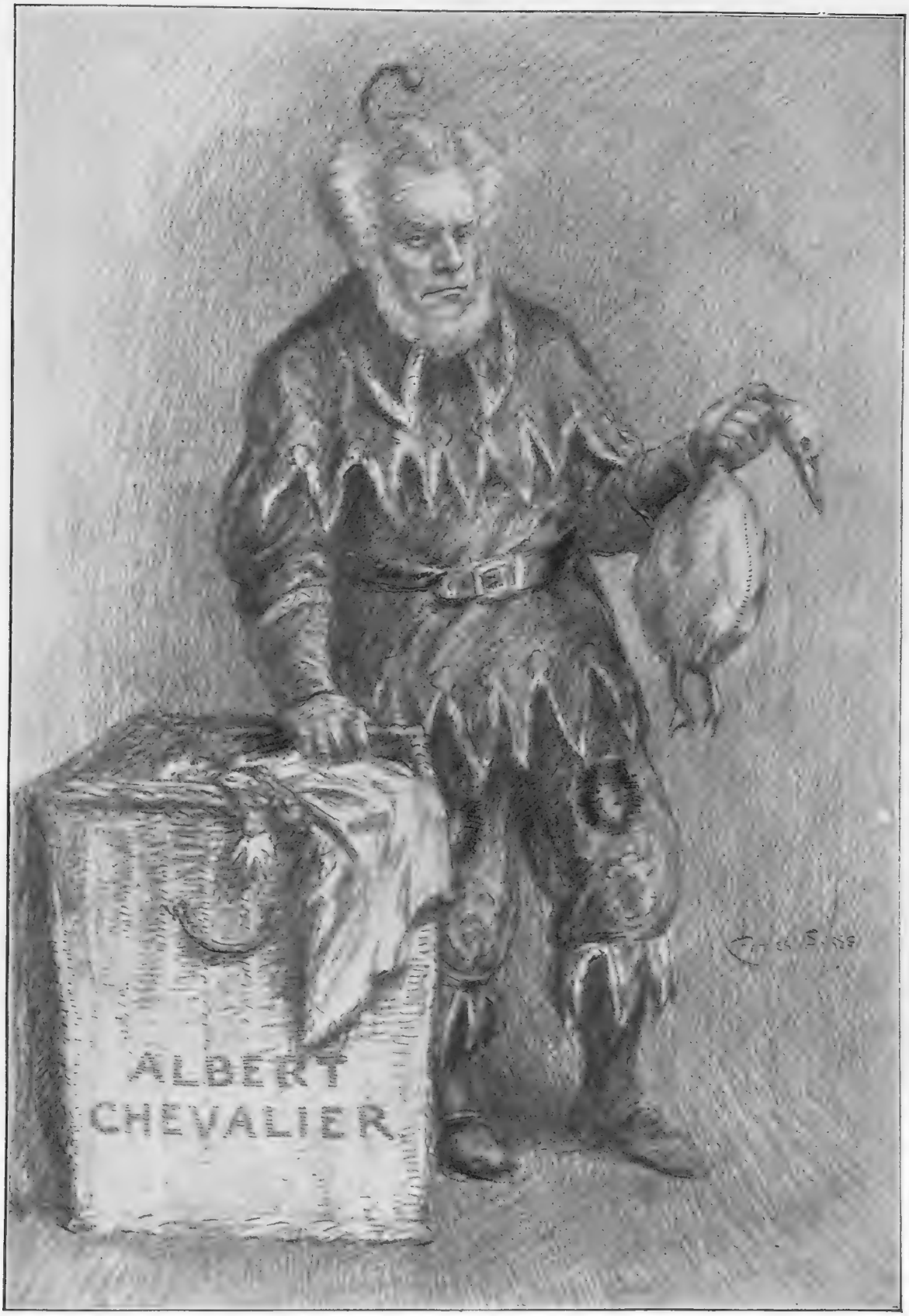
"I love you, Wallis," she said simply, "but I cannot betray my husband. Yes, yes, he was cruel to me, but my love for you teaches me that a passionate lover is apt to be cruel. You must go back to your beautiful home, and it will always be a sweet memory to you that, however extenuating the circumstances, you did not force the woman you loved into a dishonourable action." She kissed his hand. "Go, go, please go, my darling!"

Alack-a-day! The cunning of that phrase "extenuating circumstances." Ingram pleaded hard, and persuaded well. She would be doing only what her husband expected her to do. He had shaken her off, thrown her aside. He was tired of her. No code of honour bound her to be faithful to such a man. Was her young life to be loveless till the end? In the Argentine her life would begin again. No word of her unhappy story could follow her. The artificial breath of London Society could not taint the winds of the Pampas. Would she take the plunge and be happy, or shiver for ever on the cheerless bank of "Might-have-been"? Stephanie forbade him to hope, but she clung to him when he left her, and begged him to come just once again.

Ingram came once, twice, thrice again. Stephanie was a very frail woman, but she fought for so long. He had buried his head in his hands, and sobbed, and Stephanie's eyes had flashed. She looked across his bowed head—out into the mews beyond. Then

(Continued on page 188)

A Triumph of the Past Season



A STUDY OF MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER IN J. M. BARRIE'S "PANTALOON"

One of the most pleasant features of the end of the past theatrical season was the re-appearance of Mr. Albert Chevalier upon the legitimate stage after an absence of fifteen years. Everyone has recognised that Mr. Chevalier is before all, and above all, an actor, and it is to be hoped that he will be seen again in a rôle so suitable to his talents. Mr. Chevalier in *Pantaloon* is shortly to be "presented" by Mr. Charles Frohman in America

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

(Continued from page 186)

she had made up her mind. She would go with him to the end of the world, but hoped he would choose Paris, as she must get some frocks. He agreed to Paris, she to the coming Tuesday as the date, and when it was all settled, Stephanie wondered how she could have hesitated so long, so relieved did she feel.

On the morning of the chosen day, in accordance with strict melodramatic precedent, a letter arrived for Mrs. Chilver from her husband. It ran as follows :—

"I shall be in London at the above-quoted address on Tuesday evening. I want you back very much, dear. Will you come and talk things over?—DAN."

. . . . . .

Stephanie read this highly embarrassing note in bed. Her trunks were packed, her travelling frock and *lingerie* were laid ready. The train was laid, in fact, and she had to give the signal for either a lucifer match or a bucket of water. For half an hour Stephanie lay in an agony of indecision. Then her maid entered the room, and—and lit the match. The maid forced her into the trousseau of her pilgrimage, the maid packed her jewels in a handbag —Wallis had suggested that she should carry them in a handbag—the maid summoned the cab, and the maid determinedly bundled her off the premises. Stephanie drove to Charing Cross trembling with excitement and indignation. The maid returned to her mistress's boudoir, and treated herself to a complete China silk outfit.

Ingram greeted her effusively at the station, but he seemed ill-at-ease. She stood by the luggage whilst he went to the ticket-office, and she smiled as she noticed how small his belongings were in comparison with hers. But women are so complex that a variety of frocks is a sheer necessity for their comfort. A healthily bred man can be radiantly happy for many days on end in the same suit of clothes. If it was not so, there would be no marriages.

They walked down the platform, looking for an empty carriage. All were fairly crowded, with the exception of one marked "Reserved," which had a handsome woman dressed in blue for its only occupant.

"We will throw ourselves on her mercy," said Ingram. He raised his hat to the stately creature in occupation, and, explaining their predicament, gracefully pleaded for permission to enter. Stephanie was a little surprised to find that the strange patrician would be charmed to have the company of the gentleman and his wife. She had only reserved the carriage for fear she might have to travel alone with men.

The train was a non-stop express to Dover, and the unknown lady proved a charming companion. Stephanie chatted quite freely to her, though she noticed that Ingram at times looked a little annoyed at the conversation. He went into the corridor to smoke a cigarette eventually, and the two ladies revelled in a discussion that was justified by the destination of both. In fact, their views got more and more Parisian as Dover grew nearer. Illusion ends at Dover for the *ingénue*, but though Mrs. Chilver had often passed through it before, she was fated to endure in that town the severest shock of her life.

They were five minutes only from the station when the witty and accomplished woman, whose chatter had been such a tonic to Stephanie's wrecked nerves, turned suddenly to that errant little girl, and laid her hand on her knee.

"Now, my dear," she said, in serious tones, "I am afraid I shall have to make myself very unpleasant. You are Mrs. Dan Chilver, are you not? Don't be surprised—I know the whole story. You are running away from a life of comparative ease and independence; you are giving up the handsome income which your husband allows you—all for the sake of a possible few months of happiness with a man about whom you know absolutely nothing."

"How dare you say this? How dare you interfere?" Stephanie almost screamed. She turned to Ingram, who only sat in his corner, looking intensely uncomfortable.

"Listen, my dear; you will soon understand. If I were to inform your husband of this escapade—and it would be easy to provide corroborative evidence—he would probably divorce you. He would certainly reduce your allowance to a figure which for you would mean absolute poverty. You can yet save yourself by—I am very sorry indeed to have to put it so pointedly, but your wonderful diamonds of which you have told me so much must change hands."

Stephanie started to her feet. She faced the woman, and laughed excitedly.

"You fool! You fool! What is such a threat to us. I shall never see my husband again."

"I think you will, my dear, and I am sure I hope so from the bottom of my heart. Perhaps you will ask Mr. Ingram's advice."

The train was slackening. Stephanie rushed to his side and put her arms round him.

"Wallis, Wallis dear, is she mad? How can she harm us? Why don't you speak?" Mr. Ingram was very pale, and even more keenly uncomfortable than before.

"I think—you had better give her them," he said, at last, disengaging her hands. Stephanie shrunk from him in amazement. The train stopped. The mysterious passenger rose from her seat and took Mrs. Chilver's handbag from the rack.

"Wallis, Wallis, you coward, stop her!" cried Stephanie, hoarsely.

"It's no use," he replied, and gathered up the luggage—his luggage. He stepped sharply out, and joined the lady in blue on her progress towards the boat.

Stephanie collapsed on the cushions, choking for speech. Suddenly Ingram's face reappeared at the window.

"I —— forgot —— to give you —— your return ticket," he stammered.

. . . . . .

That night, in a sitting-room in one of the small hotels between the Strand and the Embankment, Mrs. Chilver sobbed out the whole sad story into the amazed ears of her bronzed and travel-worn husband. She clung to his knees as he sat there in icy silence, but still with his big hand on her shoulder. Her sobs were dry, and shook the fragile little girl sadly. Suddenly his hand slipped round the back of her neck in the old way, he turned up the miserable little face and kissed it.

"You have suffered enough, dear. We shall begin again and try to understand each other better." He drew her up on to his knee, spread her pretty skirts as he used to in the old, dear days, and wound his arms round her. Still crying convulsively, Stephanie put her arms round his neck. How wonderfully kind were his wide, grey eyes! She kissed the lapel of his coat.

"But what a silly little baby it was to part with the diamonds," said Dan.

"N—no! It was the wrong handbag. She's eaten my s—sandwiches," sobbed Stephanie.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Her Nerves in Order

HOW THE SOCIETY WOMAN MAY REPAIR THE SEASON'S RAVAGES

THE ARGUMENT

(1) A light bath, taken at regular intervals, may reduce the weight accumulated by incessant dining-out. (2) Radiations of blue light will refine the discoloured skin. (3) A magnetic bath will be found strengthening and life-giving. (4) The nose, if its shape has gone out of fashion, can be altered to suit any desired pattern (Roman, *retroussé*, or Semitic). (5) Wrinkles are easily removed by electrical massage. (6) The cheeks, throat, and neck, having lost their respective bloom or roundness, may be brought up to par by friction and tonics

Polo and the Plutocrat

By L. V. L. SIMMONDS

A Game for Millionaires

You can only play polo and realise the thrills and delights of a great game if you happen to be a rich man. The greater your riches the better your play! Such is the popular idea of the chief pastime at those fashionable London clubs — Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. And, like many popular ideas, this particular one has some justification, for polo will never be sufficiently democratised to be a poor man's game. In answer to those who have questioned me with some awe as to the formidable cost of being able to play, I reply, Polo, like hunting, is as expensive as you care to make it. To play regularly at the London clubs necessitates an expenditure on the game of at least £500 per annum.

The Big London Clubs

In London, which may fairly be described as the head-quarters of the world's polo, there must necessarily be an irreducible minimum in the matter of cost to the player. One man, blessed with unlimited wherewithal, may make it very much more expensive than his friend of more moderate means, but whichever way you look at the matter, the aforesaid minimum certainly exists. It is otherwise with provincial polo, which is shorn of that embroidery of environment associated with indulgence in the game in London. That, however, is another story. First, let us dwell on the London picture. In the latter case, the solid foundations of expense are caused by the outlay in the first instance necessary to membership of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, which, in one way and another, may easily run into two or three hundred pounds a year. Membership of these social institutions must be considered the first step in qualifying for London polo. Then, of course, you have the most serious item of all—the ponies. You cannot play polo without properly trained ponies—and well-trained ponies, they cost money!

Three Ponies at Least

Here the first substantial economy may be observed. If you are aiming at the irreducible minimum you may go quietly to work and pick up, say, three raw ponies costing forty or fifty pounds apiece. Then, if possessed of plenty of patience and spare time, set to work to school them to stick and ball, and if they are handy, fast, and fond of the game, you have provided the first important essential of a polo player's outfit. With a bit of luck, the player may go through the season with these three good ponies; and if, on further acquaintance, they turn out swans and not geese, they may be passed on at a profit and a new start made when another season comes round. As one, however, may not unlikely get "crocked" at the beginning of the season, a fourth pony in the string is an advantage; but three is the irreducible minimum.

The Man With the Long Purse

On the other hand, a man of fortune may be the lucky possessor of a stud, the value of which runs heavily into four figures, being able to pay the maximum price, if there be such a thing as a maximum in polo expenditure. By the lavish purchases of pony-flesh of these men, old hands at the game are enabled to get their polo for little or nothing. The man with the long purse may fancy a well-known player's pony, and, either privately or at auction, buy it for any sum ranging between two and six hundred guineas. A polo pony before to-day has been known to change hands at a higher figure than six hundred guineas, but, happily for the majority of players who have to consider the question of ways and means, such a fanciful and extravagant inflation of the market is of rare occurrence.

Some of Count de Madre's famous stud

Reading from left to right, they are Mademoiselle, his famous grey mare, Taff, and Pigeon. He has a stud of thirty fine ponies at Rugby. The total value of the ponies playing in a match is seldom below £5,000

TWO WINNERS AT THE RECENT POLO PONY AND JUMPING SHOW AT HURLINGHAM

Mr. W. Jones's Worcester **Mr. F. A. Bellville's Newboy**

Mr. Jones's pony won the first prize in the Champion Class, and Newboy was head of the Hack Class. Ponies cost any price between £150 and £600 apiece, which prohibits polo being a poor man's sport, though, on the other hand, there is no reason why a man should not play without his expenditure exceeding £100 a year

Some Famous Studs

In a first-class game at one of the big clubs, the aggregate value of the ponies played often amounts to £5,000. There are eight players, and on an average each man may be playing four ponies. One or two men may play more, but we will take the average at four. Their market value at the moment would, of course, vary, but say each was worth £150—which would be an estimate rather below than above the actual figure—thirty-two ponies at £150 apiece would represent £4,800. Unlimited means will not make a poor player into a good one, but it certainly gives the great advantage which follows from the possession of first-class ponies, although, after all, the man with his modest stud of three self-made good ponies often gets just as much fun out of the game. Among the best-known studs of polo ponies is that of Mr. Walter Jones, of the Rugby team. Lord Shrewsbury, too, who also plays with that famous combination, is beautifully mounted; he mostly affects the rather uncommon stamp of long-tailed pony. The Comte de Madre, a Frenchman living near Rugby, has a fine string of some thirty ponies, among them the well-known grey mare Mademoiselle, while Mr. Rawlinson, who has gone in largely for motoring of late, also has some splendid ponies. Captain Dudley Marjoribanks, of the Royal Horse Guards, who is at present on Lord Selborne's staff in South Africa, used to have a particularly fine stud of weight-carriers, and Sir James Dale, Mr. Frank Bellville, Captain F. Guest, Mr. C. T. Garland, and the Duke of Westminster are other well-mounted players.

The Cost in the Country

What I have written concerns London polo, which may never be regarded as inexpensive to play. It is otherwise in the provinces and in Ireland, where the expenses of maintaining a ground and running a polo club are far less heavy; and now that the game has taken root in all parts of the country, it may safely be asserted that the man who can afford to keep two ponies can afford to play polo, and not spend more than £100 a year on the game. In India, too, the game is comparatively cheap, and quite possible for the subaltern with a moderate allowance. Finally, it may be urged that the regulating of expenses at polo within reasonable limits is a most desirable thing, for no game can flourish that is maintained at a false premium. Particularly is this desirable in connection with soldiers' polo, and all attempts to limit the cost to officers should, therefore, meet with the utmost possible encouragement.

The Soldiers' Championship

Most of the earlier ties in this year's Inter-Regimental Tournament were won by a considerable margin of goals. In the matter of overtime, the record of twenty minutes set up in the semi-final of the tournament in 1904—when it took the 17th Lancers (the ultimate winners) eighty minutes to beat the Inniskillings by five goals to four—was nearly equalled, for Mr. Dunbar only hit the sixth and decisive goal for the 20th Hussars sixteen minutes after the final bell had rung. The particular feature of the game was the very fine play of Mr. M. L. Lakin, who at No. 3 was the mainstay of the 11th Hussars' team. In the third ten minutes the 20th looked like winning easily, for they had a lead of 4 goals to 1, but the 11th never lost heart, and made a very plucky fight of it, the scores being 4-all in the fifth ten, and 5-all at the call of time.

Polo on the Continent

The short Ostend polo season is again proving a great success this year, under the management of that skilful organiser, Captain E. D. Miller. At Antwerp the game has taken firm root, thanks to the generous support of M. Alfred Grisar, a keen Belgian sportsman, who has laid out a ground and started a private club. An inaugural tournament was held there recently, in which some of the German players from Hamburg and Frankfort, who were *en route* for Ostend, took part; and Captain Miller and his brother-in-law, Mr. Keith Marsham, the Antwerp polo manager, also played. Several English players have gone over to Ostend, and among the entries for the principal tournament, the Ostend Challenge Cup, which takes place next week, are Lord Harrington's Elvaston team and Mr. Buckmaster's Moreton Morrell team.

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

FICTION

"The Field of Glory." By Henry Sienkiewicz. (John Lane : 6*s.*)

"The Financier." By J. B. Harris Burland. (Greening : 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902." By Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B. (Harrison : £1 1*s.* net.)

"Hungarian Literature." By Emil Reich. (Jarrold : 6*s.*)

Prudes and the Publishers

A bright little controversy bobbed up the other day between "J. L.," one publisher, and the "*D. M.*," one halfpenny newspaper, as to the question whether "H. W.," one author, was behaving properly in discussing in *Mr. and Mrs. V.*, one novel, "a point of view in regard to physical disunion in marriage that has never before been discussed in a book." Well, the "*D. M.*" chimed in, as only it can chime, with a "protest in the most emphatic manner against the cant about the 'literary artist' being at liberty to discuss in print subjects which people of taste and decent breeding do not care to mention in conversation." Well, again. Up jumped "J. L.," a publisher, but *not* he of the novel in question, with the disclaimer that the book "wasn't his'n," and next day the real "J. L." came along with a sort of "who said it was?" rejoinder, coupled with "and if it was—well," as Mr. Robey would say, "'what *of* it?'". The book, which is entitled *Mr. and Mrs. Villiers*, and is by Mr. Hubert Wales, and published by Mr. John Long (the other "J. L." being Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head), has duly come into my hands, and having read the same with due care, I may express the view that some people have been needlessly exciting themselves. It is somewhat strong, even for our contemporary, to say that so highly important a theme as the relations between man and wife, relations which may make or mar happiness, are not to be discussed in print because "people of taste and breeding," in their unutterable prudery, and their ostrich-like obtusity, are afraid to mention them in conversation. Provided the author observes artistic good taste in the choice of his words, and refrains from offensive suggestion and description, he is not only to be excused, but is absolutely justified in discussing the theme in question on the highest grounds of morality.

* * *

The Weakness of "Mr. Villiers"

As to the book itself, it is absolutely innocuous. The reason why "Mr. Villiers" leaves his wife is indicated, and the question whether or no he was justified in so doing is thoroughly worthy of discussion. The author fails, in this case, to justify the desertion, because his "Mr. Villiers" is a hopelessly unrepresentative type. That a man of intellectual and moral character (he is a successful and clean-living man of letters) could wantonly forsake a woman of his wife's character, for which he confesses affection and admiration, is unlikely. A heartless, brainless libertine would have done it, but he would not, as Mr. Villiers did, have endured six years of quiet married life before taking the step, and he would not, as Mr. Villiers did, have taken it in cold blood and with such odious deliberation. Again, the conclusion of the story, by which Villiers returns to his wife, after a long residence with another woman, is weak. Because his work begins to fail, and his publishers return his MSS., Villiers has a breakdown. On recovery, he realises that he worked better when living with his wife than he did with her successor in his affections. He returns to her, and the curtain falls. I do not think the man has yet lived who could be guided so oddly in his matrimonial conduct as Villiers, but that said, there is nothing to condemn in the author's exploitation of the idea. It is absurd to lay down as law, as the "*D. M.*" would do, that because a subject is not discussed in "polite society" it is no fit subject for art. As well state that the nude in art and statuary is *interdite* because, forsooth, it is not the accepted *mode* in feminine fashion.

* * *

The Boer War in Literature

Of course, it is inevitable we should have a *British Official History of the Boer War*, and that it makes its appearance four years after the last Boer was driven from the last kopje by the last *rooinek*, and the Treaty of Vereeniging signed, is not necessarily to be sneered at as "another War Office muddle." There were real reasons for delay in the issue of the history, not the least of them being the death of the officer who was originally commissioned to compile it, Col. Henderson. There was also the fact that, to give an account which should be historically true, of engagements still the object of controversy, required no small amount of trouble and tact, and these qualities the editor, Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, shows in a high degree. Historically speaking, it would be presumptuous to pronounce on the book in a literary column. From my point of view, however, no historical account of the war, from the official standpoint, could be of so much interest as the outside view, because little or no criticism is allowed within its covers, which enclose a bare, though a brilliant record of events. More piquant and possibly more valuable was the German official account, which ventured a little criticism. We yet await the ideal literary view of the Boer War, a Carlylean volume which shall treat, after the manner of "The French Revolution," of that distressing chapter of our history, which shall portray it in all its hideousness, and through it, which shall use it as the weapon which

shall strike the last blow at a certain kind of Imperialism. Not that I have any personal objections to Imperialism—on the contrary, I "mafficked" most noisily all through 1900—but from the point of view of literary force and expression, I concede, willingly, that the Little England view of that war put to the blush all other views, and, therefore, I imagine, the ideal literary work on the subject for posterity's consumption will come from the pen of a Stead-Massingham-Courtney-sort of person.

* * *

A Novel of Splendid Names

If the new volume by the author of "Quo Vadis," viz., *The Field of Glory* (John Lane: 6s.), lacks the problematic interest of his earlier and widely read story, it is a vivid picture of life in Poland during the seventeenth century, when that country was in the throes of its war against the Turks. It shows, in the person of Jatczek, the alternate claims on a man's duty of love and personal honour, and of the service of his country in "The Field of Glory." It is very vivid, and contains some magnificent descriptions of wild, turbulent, soldier life; duels abound, as do battlefield scenes and tender love-passages. It is a novel about as full of action and blood as the most ardent romanticist could desire. And, if ever the reader wearies of bloodshed, the gorgeous nomenclature of the characters is an excitement in itself. With such ornate names as Tachevsky, and Kipriyanovitch, and Pangovsky, and Woynovsky, and Tvorkovsky, and Seninska to brighten one up, there need never be a dull page, though, after reading in Chapter XI. of a social function at which all the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, among them "the Kokhanovskys, the Podgoyetskys, the Silositzkys, the Potvorovskys, the Sulgostovskys . . . the Boukoyemskys, and others," were present, I rejoice that I was not a society paragraphist of the period, and so, also, I hear, does the printer. Herr Sienkiewicz, the author (whose name seems quite terse and homely after the above), I believe, keeps well in spite of all, and is writing some more.

Henry Sienkiewicz

Author of "Quo Vadis," whose new book, "The Field of Glory," is a feast of gory adventure in the Poland of the seventeenth century (John Lane: 6s.)

* * *

The New Political Villain

From the popular fictionist's point of view, that Russian Duma cometh of evil, for with Constitutional Government in working order, what becomes of those positively indispensable assets to melodrama—the Russian spy, the *agent provocateur*, Nihilism, Siberia, the knout, the deadly dungeon, and all the rest of the business? I am, however, glad to see that the popular fictionist is ready for the emergency, and Mr. J. B. Harris-Burland strikes the right line in *The Financier* (Greening: 6s.) by giving us intrigue and *espionage* "made in Germany." His story has for its central theme a squabble between Britain and Germany for the possession of a South African territory, alleged to have mineral wealth. The chief character, John Gramphorn, is a sort of Cecil Rhodes, who, in the interests of "the Empire," carries out a *coup d'état* to seize the country. His plans are opposed by the Kaiser's dark and murky agents, and there are lots of encounters between them and the British magnate's minions. It is, on the whole, quite a good story—far better than Mr. Burland's "Black Motor-Car," lately published. There is a good sound love interest, and there are excellent South African blood-scenes, while in his sketch of the Napoleonic and Rhodesian Gramphorn, the author gives us quite a realistic character. But, as before said, the great thing to note is the exploitation of Germany as the villain in a political romance, as distinct from dear old familiar Russia, and Mr. Burland is to be congratulated on being so prompt to lay the Kaiser to heel, because at any moment (under this Government) we may find ourselves dangerously at peace with his country, and then there will be no political villains left, and melodrama will have to think of something new, which is really asking too much of it at its time of life.

* * *

Music's Literary Influence

In his *Hungarian Literature* (Jarrold), an historical survey, Dr. Emil Reich hopelessly fails to be dull. He had every opportunity. He could have bored one to tears. But, oddly enough, he does not. He succeeds in making his survey of the development of the Magyar language, its poetry, its individuality, its borrowings from other countries, its national epics, its novels, and its political works, quite chatty and interesting. A vivid sidelight on the subject is thrown by Dr. Reich in his emphasis of the enormous influence exercised by music on Hungarian art-work. "Hungary," he says, in Chapter III., "is saturated with music. No student of Magyar literature can afford to neglect the study of Magyar music." "Music," he says, later, "is the opium of Hungary. It fosters but too much that bent for dreamy idleness which is the chief failing in the Hungarian character." If Dr. Reich were writing on British literature, he would have to point the reverse moral. British music has been wholly destitute of any influence whatever on British prose or poetry, and, with one or two notable exceptions, British writers have been, to all intents and purposes, tone-deaf, and such allusions as have been made by the greatest of our poets and prose-writers to the so-called "divine art" have been triumphs of ineptitude. As, however, British literature, in the scale of things, counts immeasurably higher than Hungarian, the obvious conclusion is that Music is a means of literary inspiration that a nation can very well do without. Nevertheless, I cannot but think Britain would have been a more desirable country had it partaken a little more of that "opium."

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"Tot Homines, Tot Sententiæ"

The two Championships this year have bred an extraordinary number of fantastical and fallacious ideas. The first of these fallacies concerns the rubber-cored ball. Not only theoretical writers, but practical and great players, will solemnly assure you that the rubber-cored ball has made the game so easy that there is no longer any opportunity afforded to the super-excellent player of asserting his marked superiority by his skill over his inferior opponent. They will calmly tell you that the second-class player has, by aid of the new ball, developed into a first-class player capable of ousting a leading favourite in the early rounds of a Championship. When those who argue in this fashion are confronted with the awkward fact that none of the great competitions since the appearance of the ball has been won by a player of inferior rank, they content themselves with repeating their previous assertion, and make no attempt to dispose of the statistics which so entirely controvert their theory.

Copyright C. B. Fry's Magazine

J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey)

Open Champion, 1906, whose play is a masterpiece of approaching and putting

An Easier Game

I have no doubt that in certain particulars the game has become easier. One has only to watch the leading players on any of the great courses, and to note how rarely they have to take a wooden club for their second shot, to convince himself that in this particular respect the game is much easier. But so far as regards the short game, in approaching, and more especially in putting, the game has, to my mind, become infinitely more difficult. Those who wished to ascertain this fact had only to follow that master of approaching and putting, J. H. Taylor, during the recent Championship, to see how difficult it is even for the great expert to keep the ball near the hole off the mashie and to hole apparently simple short putts. Throughout the Open Championship this failure to hole short putts was most marked and widespread, and could not be entirely accounted for on the plea of "scoring fever."

A Point Not to be Forgotten

But, putting aside these technical considerations, I prefer to abide by the statistics of the game since the rubber core was invented, and these amply bear out my assertion that the great players have known how to get the same advantage over the lesser lights of the game with the new ball as with the old. Indeed, I would go further, and say that the superiority of the leading division is more marked now than in the old days. Those who point to the history of the late Amateur Championship in support of their assertion that the new ball has levelled players up, forget one very simple, but very important fact. They fail to take into consideration the fact that the generation, which dates from the great spread of golf in England and Ireland, is now just maturing, and that, whereas in former years one could count the likely winners on the fingers of his two hands, it would now take countless hands to provide the fingers on which to reckon the chances of the ever-increasing hosts of first-class players.

Chimerical Proposals

One writer gravely advocates a return to the gutta ball for Championships, another recommends a modified cooking of the draw for the Amateur Championship in favour of champions, ex-champions, and runners-up, so as to insure against these great men meeting in early rounds and cutting each others' throats. Yet another gravely puts forward a plea for reducing the size of the hole by way of opposing the conquering march of the modern champion over the links of the world. The proposal of the return to the gutta ball is just as chimerical as would be one for the re-introduction of the feather ball, while the idea of cooking the draw for the Amateur Championship is so outrageously absurd that it has only to be set out in cold print to be blown to the winds in utter derision. The satanic conception of reducing the size of the hole conjures up to my mind a nightmare vision of a Championship which would never get finished owing to the length of time competitors remained pottering round the hole in a vain endeavour to get their ball down.

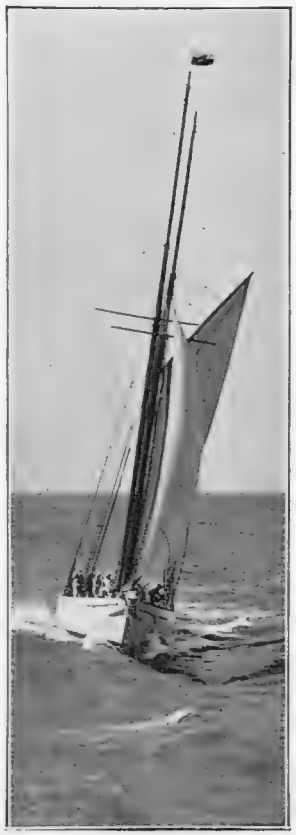
What is Really Wanted

I would appeal to players and writers on the game to abandon all such queer phantasies, and to devote the energies and abilities of their minds to the solution of the problem of numbers. Here is the crux of the situation—the game does not need remodelling, but the conditions governing the two Championships require alteration. How best they should be altered is a question calling for the earnest consideration of all those who have the interests of our beloved game at heart. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Cross-Channel Yacht Races

There has been so much good-class racing this season that the fact that the Dover to Ostend races were handicaps on the rule of thumb principle rendered them somewhat dull, so far as any interest in the destination of the prizes went; and as a matter of fact, the handicaps did not work out at all well. *Clara*, the actual winner of the big race on the handicap, was getting nearly an hour from the big Herreshoff yawl *Navahoe*, and managed to get home some six minutes astern of her, while the other, and smaller schooner, *Sunshine*, took the second prize. In fact, it was a schooner's day, and *Clara* was actually ahead of the crack cutters, *Nyria* and *White Heather*, at the finish. *Kariad* led the fleet on the run, but when it came to reaching she made a comparatively poor show, and *Navahoe* soon passed her and accomplished a performance averaging nearly 12 knots for the whole journey. Another feature of the race was the good going of the new Nicholson cutter, *Nyria*, which was only some seven minutes astern of the yawl. In the second race for the smaller boats, the yawl *Betty* beat the cutters *Rosamond* and *Creole*, these three being the only starters. There was a fresh breeze at the start, and it increased in the course of the race, which finished in quite a heavy sea.



Dover-Ostend Yacht Race

Sunshine, the smaller of the two schooners engaged in the race, won second prize on the handicap allowance, saving her time on the other boats with the exception of *Clara*

Gentlemen v. Players: The Oval Match

Everyone was glad that the grand old man of cricket was in such good form on his fifty-eighth birthday, and everyone hopes that the rumour that this is to be his last appearance in first-class cricket is untrue. Certainly, if he stops it will not be because he is played out. Prior to his fine innings of 74 he had done some bowling—and some very good bowling, too—and he was at the wickets for about three hours, without showing any marked traces of fatigue. While he was batting he did not give a chance till he had made 59, and it was the new ball which probably brought about his downfall at 74. Otherwise he might have made a hundred. Apart from this fine innings, the feature of the match was the curious collapse in the Gentlemen's first innings, which was imitated by the Players in their second, and lasted until King and Hardstaff came along. Hardstaff's was undoubtedly the finer innings of the two, and seeing that he is exceptionally good in the field, his first appearance for the Players was fully justified. King managed to make a fair number of bad strokes without getting out. Neither King nor Hardstaff was quite happy with "W. G.'s" bowling, the length of which was splendid. The only matter for regret is that such a fine game should have ended indecisively.

Photos *Topical Agency*

The winner, "Clara," going into Ostend

Navahoe, the American yawl, the largest boat of the fleet, was first home, but the schooner *Clara*, coming in third, and only some six minute astern of her, easily saved her time on the handicap in a quickly sailed race. In the photo, *Clara* is seen getting in her canvas after passing the mark

Lawn Tennis: Some Exciting Finishes at Shrewsbury

The match between E. R. Allen and Wilding in the final of the Shropshire Championship Singles at Shrewsbury last week produced one of the best games ever seen on the Severnside courts. Wilding was, naturally, expected to win, because he is quite 15 better than he was last year, and so he did; but it was a struggle, and if it had not been for a net-corder, Wilding would, probably, not have gained the useful lead which ultimately gave him the fifth and final set. Wilding's play was uneven. At times he seemed almost irresistible; at others the reverse. "E. R." played mainly from the base-line, and hardly approached the net except when brought up to it by a short one; some of his backhand passes down the line were really beautiful strokes. The other finals were equally interesting, for in the Men's Doubles, the Oxford pair, Paterson and Crowder, nearly brought off a surprise against the Allens. Playing beautifully together, and lobbing most judiciously, they won the second set, and were

5—2 in the third; then the Allens pulled up—with "C. G." vociferating his commands most funnily—but afterwards the Oxford pair got within a stroke of the match, and it was only a temporary lapse on the part of Crowder that saved the twins from defeat. In the Ladies' Championship, Miss Pinckney (in spite of a slightly strained ankle, which made her play quite weakly at the start) reversed last year's result by beating Miss Garfit, and thereby prevented her from winning the Cup outright. If it were not for the fact that the courts (with the exception of No. 1, which is a good one) are not quite up to the mark, the Shrewsbury meeting would be as good as any in the Midlands. From small beginnings, it has come to be regarded as quite one of the leading events in the county, and the Committee, encouraged by the way in which they have been supported, mean to improve the courts next year. The "Mass" racket presented as an umpire's prize by THE BYSTANDER was awarded to the well-known veteran player, T. H. Oyler. Almost equally deserving of a prize were Miss Cross, Miss Attfield, A. J. Attfield, and F. M. Pearman.

The late Mr. Henley C. Clarke

We regretfully record the sudden death last week of Henley Carlos Clarke, for 38 years a member of the Stock Exchange. "Uncle," as he was generally called, was in his early days a good sportsman and cricketer. In later years he was one of the founders of the Ascot and the Sunningdale Golf Clubs, the latter of which he was captain of in 1904

A Sporting Regatta

What an excellent thing a real amateur competition is, where sport and amusement are the only objects aimed at, and mere technicalities are ignored! The regatta at Molesey, on Saturday, was a case in point, for there can seldom have been an occasion on which so many objections were left untaken. First of all, in the Senior Sculls, Fitzgerald rowed over in the absence of Bourke, who, however, turned up later on, and the heat was rowed over again. Then, in the Thames Cup Fours, London, by some inadvertence, started a crew which did not comply with the conditions of the race. They won their heat, their opponents stopping before the finish, and were duly disqualified, but, nevertheless, started in the final. In this way the sportsmanlike action of the competitors, umpire, and committee enabled the spectators to enjoy at least two races which strictly ought never to have been rowed at all. Manno is to be congratulated on winning a good prize to take home to Buda Pesth. He is a good sculler, and would be a still better one if his other attainments left him more time for the river. It is pleasant to see the improvement in all the Thames crews this year. The tide-way is a better school for rowing than the Isis or the Cam, and now that a sound system of coaching has been reintroduced, it ought not to be long before Leander, not to mention the foreigners, will have to look to their laurels.

The scene at Molesey Regatta

Though there were forty heats on the programme of Molesey Regatta, and another heat, not on the programme, but very much in evidence, Londoners attended the popular carnival in their thousands on Saturday. Thames won the Senior Eights, London the Senior Fours. For the Senior Sculls, victory went to a foreigner, Manno (of Buda Pesth), who thus won his first victory in Britain

DOLLOND

PRISM FIELD GLASSES

FINEST BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

BEST. CHEAPEST. LIGHTEST.

X 8 Times Magnification—

£5 : 5 : 0

X 10, £6 10s. X 12, £7 15s.

Including Solid Leather Sling Case and Military Belt Loops, Post Free (Parcels Post) to all parts of the world.

Purchase may be made by easy instalments.

Complete List (A) of Binoculars Post Free.

DOLLOND & CO.,

Opticians to H.M. Government since 1750.

223 OXFORD STREET (Opposite Gt. Portland St.),
35 Ludgate Hill, 62 Old Broad Street, E.C.,
5 Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross,
113 Cheapside, E.C.,
WORKS: Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, E.C., London.
WOOLWICH BRANCH: 83 Powis Street.

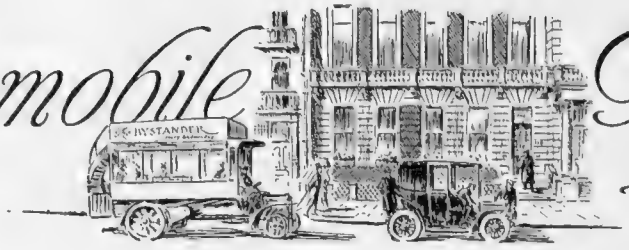
LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

ROYAL MAIL WEST COAST ROUTE.	CORRIDOR TRAINS, LUNCHEON, TEA, and DINING CARS.

QUICKEST TRAIN SERVICE LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER TO GLASGOW (CENTRAL).
ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS
JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1906.

| | | |

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Motorphobia

We have of late been treated to a perfect deluge of inky fulminations against automobilism and automobilists in general and motor-omnibuses in particular. The reason is quickly apparent. The new form of locomotion undoubtedly infringes many privileges and conveniences heretofore enjoyed in such tranquility as to endow them in the regard of their holders at least with the sanctity of vested rights. The somnolent waggoner, whose team has been accustomed to wander over the road at pleasure, naturally feels deeply aggrieved when roused from his slumbers by the imperious call of the all-conquering car. The butcher's boy, who learns that he cannot now with impunity dominate the road and dash round corners at full gallop, and on his off side, harbours little love for the more swiftly moving and heavier vehicle, which has taught him his place. The cyclist and pedestrian who suffer from undue distribution of dust, forget in their perfectly righteous indignation that the roads, and not the motorists thereon, are mainly responsible for their annoyance. The occupant of the pleasant and very conveniently situated dwelling, which combines almost rustic seclusion, with the advantages accruing to easy access to the heart of a great city, objects strongly to the invasion of his Eden by the democratic motor-'bus, and when such a peg as the recent lamentable accident on Handcross Hill is offered, he promptly hangs thereon a list of his grievances which, when tabulated in the form of a "Letter to the Editor," makes welcome "free copy" for his favourite journalistic organ. These good people, one and all, would scout the suggestion that their antipathy to automobilism arises from any consideration of self-interest, and argue that their antagonistic attitude is attributable solely to their zeal for the public safety and welfare. So much controversy has raged around the motor-omnibus, its merits and defects, that we may, with advantage, consider, from THE BYSTANDER'S point of-view, some of the salient points involved.

* * *

For and Against

The main points in the indictment against the motor-'bus may be summarised under the headings: noise, vibration, danger. Undoubtedly, the motor-omnibus, as we see it forcing its way through our City streets to-day, is not a silent spectacle. It may seem a somewhat startling statement to advance, but on reflection we must admit that, with all its faults, the up-to-date motor-'bus is the quietest public conveyance extant relative to the number of passengers conveyed. The railway train and the electric tram are not in it. Vibration and the annoyance occasioned thereby appear to me to be among the foremost evils which adherents of the motor-omnibus should endeavour to diminish. On busy routes a great nuisance is unquestionably occasioned by the continuous passing of these heavy vehicles, and it is not surprising that an outcry should be made. The general adoption of a resilient wheel would, however,

Photo] **European speed king** [*Topical Agency*

On this 200 h.-p. eight-cylinder racing Darracq, Mr. A. Lee Guinness covered a kilomètre from a flying start at Ostend in 19sec., a rate equal to 117·7 miles an hour, a record for this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Lee Guinness races for sheer love of the sport, and is usually accompanied by his brother as amateur mechanician

LE GRAND PRIX

5 out of 11

FIRST CARS

were fitted with

CONTINENTAL TYRES

"Continentals have resisted in a most remarkable manner."—*L'Auto.*

CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO.
(GREAT BRITAIN), Ltd.,
102-108, CLERKENWELL ROAD.
WORKS: HYTHE ROAD, WILLESDEN, N.W.

DOES A QUIET AUTOMOBILE APPEAL TO YOU?

The Gold Medal Car.

GLADIATOR

One of our Agents writes:—

"My customer says that riding on a Gladiator is like coasting down hill all the time."

That proves the perfection of design and construction. Let us send you our Booklet.

The GLADIATOR Co.

(ENGLAND),
8 & 9, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: 1334 Gerrard. *Telegrams:* "Gladihood, London."

VISIT Our Showrooms and inspect the latest GLADIATOR CARS.

A. J. W.

'Allenburys' The DIET

A complete milk and farinaceous food easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the well-known

"Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each of Chemists, &c.
A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

A

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY CRUISE

TO THE

BALTIC

AND NORTHERN CAPITALS.

10 AUGUST. 28 DAYS.
CHRISTIANIA, GOTHENBURG, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, KONIGSBERG, DANTZIG, ISLE OF RUGEN, COPENHAGEN, KIEL, SCHEVENINGEN, etc.
Fares from 30 guineas.

SEPTEMBER 19. 14 DAYS.
LISBON, GIBRALTAR, MOROCCO, SPAIN, THE BALEARIC ISLES, etc. Fares from **14 gs.**

* OCTOBER 4. 30 DAYS.
MARSEILLES to SICILY, CORFU, GREECE, TURKEY, NAPLES, and VILLEFRANCHE. Fares from **30 gs.**

* *Special terms will be quoted to passengers taking both cruises.*

BY P & O CRUISING YACHT

VECTIS. 6,000 tons, 6,000 H.P.

Passengers may be booked at
Northumberland Avenue, W.C.
122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. } **LONDON.**

do much to put matters right, and I am pleased to be in a position to announce that exhaustive experiments with such a wheel are fast approaching a most satisfactory conclusion. On a six-ton lorry, a set of these wheels—the invention of Mr. Stuart Ogilvie—have run over 5,000 miles without repair. They are iron shod, their resilience being obtained by rubber rollers between hub and rim. The drive is solid, and not through the resilient medium, which is used merely to absorb vibration, and I may say that this is the first successful attempt to employ this principle. I am not at liberty to give further particulars at the moment, but may venture the suggestion that the elimination of undue vibration is now engaging the attention of some of the foremost motor engineers in the country, and that a solution of the problem is only a matter of time. Concerning the dangers attendant on the motor-omnibus, on its passage through the land, to its occupants and to other users of the roads, little need be said at this time. They may be attributed to faulty construction and unskilful handling. When the 'bus boom set in, the supply of properly equipped chassis was quite unequal to the demand, and all manner of unsuitably fitted-up machines were hurriedly requisitioned. Working along the line of progress, we shall certainly witness a survival of the fittest type, and the gradual evolution of a motor much more suited to all requirements than any yet conceived. Drivers similarly will improve in course of time, but a point should be made, I think, in favour of reducing their hours of work. The strain on a motor driver is much greater than that involved in guiding a horsed vehicle. There is greater speed for one thing, and there is no dependence to be placed in animal instinct. Your motor knows not if it be on the road to its stable, or otherwise, and everything depends on the man at the wheel, whose vigilance must be unceasing. When the prevailing panic has been to some extent allayed by the soothing influence of calm contemplation and reasonable regard for the interests of the great public, we shall, I think, see the motor vehicle resume its steady progress as one of the most important and useful inventions of our time.

Miscellanea

Mr. D'Arcy Baker, Managing Director of F.I.A.T. Motors, Ltd., was recently fined £13 odd for exceeding the limit, the sum including expenses incurred by policemen sent from Andover and Lewes to "prove convictions," which Mr. Baker, in a letter to the clerk of the court, had previously admitted. Mr. Baker is naturally indignant, and has complained to the Chief Inspector at Beaconsfield that it is unfair to charge him with the cost of policemen's holiday outings.—That plucky amateur sportsman, Mr. A. Lee Guinness, is to be congratulated on his performance at Ostend. Driving the 200 h.-p. eight-cylinder Darracq racer, Mr. Lee Guinness covered the flying kilomètre in 19 sec., a speed equal to 117·7 miles an hour. This is a European record.—Blackdown Park, Sussex, was the scene of the hill-climb for the Henry Edmunds Trophy, won by Mr. G. S. Barwick's 30-40 h.-p. Daimler, shod with Continental tyres. Mr. F. S. Philipson-Stow, the owner of Blackdown Park, dispensed lavish hospitality to the competitors.—From the office of *The Car Illustrated*, 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, there has just been issued "The Road Book and Guide for 1906." This work, neatly bound in leather, contains remarkably full details of all the chief roads in this country, with distances and hill contours, some of the principal Continental main routes, a Directory and Gazetteer, and an encyclopædic section which must prove of the utmost value to all tourists. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu has personally revised and edited the book.—The race for the Circuit des Ardennes has been fixed for Monday, August 13.—Motorists on the North Road should beware of a police-trap one mile on the Northern side of Hatfield.

Photo] **A lordly motor-house** [*Leonard Willoughby*

At his seat, The Hendre, Monmouth, Lord Llangattock has one of the best equipped private motor garages in the kingdom. Lord Llangattock owns Rolls-Royce, Panhard, and Wolseley cars, and is the father of that well-known automobilist, the Hon. C. S. Rolls

Prevention is Better than Cure!

WHY run the risk of TYPHOID FEVER, when, for 30/-, you can have a THOROUGHLY EFFICIENT FILTER, which can be easily fitted to your house supply pipe?

DO NOT BE MISLED BY FILTERS ADVERTISED OF A SIMILAR APPEARANCE

but insist upon having

THE

"BERKEFELD" FILTER

(PATENT),

Which bears the following Trade-Mark on every genuine "BERKEFELD" filtering cylinder.

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ltd.

121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

IMPORTANT TO ALL MOTOR-CAR OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

If you want your Car to look smart, try "Rolledge," and you will not regret it.

"ROLLEDGE"

(REGD.)

AUTO-POLISH.

Absolutely Unique for

CLEANING,

PRESERVING,

AND

WATER-PROOFING

all Leather and Enamelled parts of

MOTOR CARS.

Obtainable in all colours from the leading Motor Stores, Grocers, Dry-salters, &c.

MADE ONLY BY

E. BROWN & SON,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated "Meltonian" Blacking, "Meltonian" and "Lutetian" Creams, and other Boot Preparations,

7, CARRICK ST., LONDON, and 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

COOK'S CONDUCTED ARRANGEMENTS include

PARIS BELGIUM HOLLAND
RHINE GERMANY AUSTRIA
SWITZERLAND
NORWAY SWEDEN DENMARK
SAXON SWITZERLAND
DOLOMITES THURINGIAN ALPS
SALZKAMMERGUT
SCOTLAND IRELAND
and
ROUND THE WORLD.

The Fares provide for travel tickets, hotels, fees to railway and hotel servants, carriage or steamer excursions, according to circumstances, and services of conductor.

PROGRAMMES POST FREE.

Particulars of POPULAR TOURS combining travel and hotel, and of INDEPENDENT TICKETS for all Parts of the Globe, also gratis on application.

THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London; and Branch Offices.

"The Luntin Pipe and sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will."
—BURNS.

A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS IN THREE STRENGTHS.

"LUNTIN" Mixture.

ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR IT, OR SEND 7d. IN STAMPS

for sample packet, and name of nearest agent, from Sole Manufacturers—

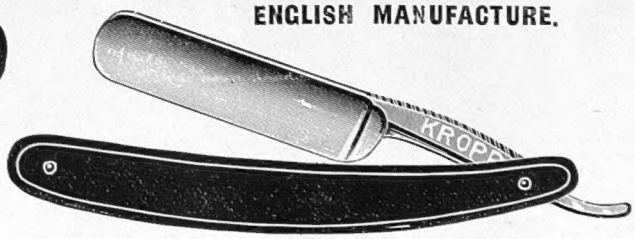
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

KROPP

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.



REAL HAMBURG GROUND

RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

Black Handle	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop	7/6
Ivory Handle	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Confession

If I may be allowed to confess it, without undue profanity—I don't want to go to Heaven, anyway just yet—I should prefer to pass into another world as a millionairess—whether American or South African I leave to the gods. What qualification or self-denial in this one, I wonder, would render one worthy of such a position? By the laws of compensation, those of us sent into one life, without the shadow of a capacity for understanding what constitutes economy, should surely, for our unavoidable sins of omission, be privileged to enjoy the taste of a heaven of plenty. It is quite in harmony with the beautiful irony of things, that the sales should round off a season of unqualified extravagance. Many times and oft, do those of us who are born with the curse of spending, mentally vow, by all we hold most sacred, to pay our bills, and for ever after pursue the virtuous course of bartering only with ready money. But, of course, that is merely a beautiful unfulfilled dream, one immediately dispelled before the advent of the sales, with their slashing reductions and seductive short lengths, and all-pervading attitude of giving away everything for nothing. The abandon of the sales is really

A "chic" creation for Cowes

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)